The Outlook

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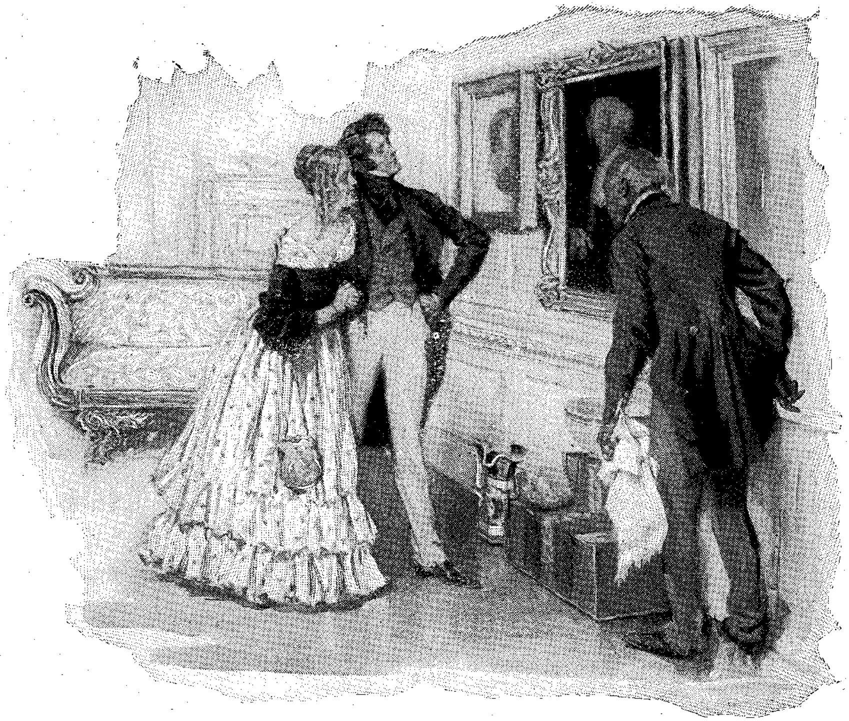

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1904

Judge Parker's Letter of Acceptance

Mr. Roosevelt's letter of acceptance was a challenge to the Democratic party; at certain points Mr. Parker accepts the challenge and declares himself, less vigorously but not less explicitly than the challenger. Mr. Roosevelt asked if the Democratic party would revoke his pension order; Mr. Parker replies, "If elected, I will revoke that order," and he adds that he will then recommend to Congress to pass an old-age pension without reference to disability. Mr. Roosevelt declares that the Federal Courts have no authority to enforce the common law. Mr. Parker replies that they have such authority, and in support of his contention refers, without quoting from it, to a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States "to be found in the 181st volume of the United States Supreme Court Reports at page 92." Mr. Roosevelt asks if the Democratic party will abandon the protective principle and substitute therefor a tariff for revenue only. Mr. Parker replies that a tariff for revenue only is the Democratic ideal, but that "the long-continued policy of the country, as manifested in its statutes, makes it necessary that tariff reform should be prudently and sagaciously undertaken on scientific principles, to the end that there should not be an immediate revolution in existing conditions." He gives to his declaration in favor of self-government for the Filipinos the interpretation which he had already given to it in his letter to Mr. Milburn; he says: "I am in hearty accord with that plank in our platform that favors doing for the Filipinos what we have already done for the Cubans; and I favor making the promise to them now that we shall take such action as soon as they are reasonably prepared for it." And his previous utterances respecting the gold standard he interprets as meaning more than mere acquiescence in gold monometallism: "I wish," he says, . . . "to declare again my unqualified belief in said standard." But upon other issues dealt with in his letter he is not equally explicit. His statement that "the methods by which the Executive acquired the Panama Canal route and rights are a source of regret to many" leaves some uncertainty whether he shares the regret. He thinks something ought to be done to promote American shipping, and is sure that something is not "the granting of subsidies wrung from the pockets of all the taxpayers," but he affords no hint of any other remedy. He commits himself to the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, without expressly naming it, but apparently denies that our protectorate over South American Republics involves us in any responsibility for their action toward European nations. The charges of extravagance brought by him, in his speech to the Democratic editors, against the present Administration, he reaffirms, but he does not answer Mr. Roosevelt's challenge to designate the point at which he would recommend retrenchment. He rather assumes than affirms that there has been an "arrogation of unconstitutional powers by the executive branch of our government," and vigorously condemns Imperialism, which he defines as "the rule of individual caprice," but he does not specify any instances of such individual caprice or of such arrogation of unconstitutional powers, except as, in another part of his letter, he implies that the pension order of Mr. Roosevelt was an unwitting usurpation of legislative powers. If so, the analogous order of Mr. Cleveland was not less a usurpation. It can hardly be necessary to say that general charges of unconstitutional acts of individual caprice, not accompanied by specifications, are no more effective in a candidate's letter of acceptance than they are when found in a campaign newspaper.

❀

The Tariff Issue Like Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Parker evidently regards the tariff issue as of prime importance, and he devotes more space to this issue than to any other. If he does not define what are the "scientific principles" on which the tariff should be revised, it may be said that his political theories necessarily require him to leave the legislative branch of the Government to determine the methods and extent of the desired revision. His views as to methods, however, are implied in his condemnation of the present tariff because it levies duties on the necessaries of life and on "many articles not normally imported," and which "in large amounts are exported," though he does not specify what they are, and includes "many duties imposed for the express purpose only, as was openly avowed, of furnishing a basis for reduction by means of reciprocal trade treaties," though no such treaties have been made, and duties on so-called "infant industries" which "are looming up as industrial giants," and which to this extent give "justification to the expression that the tariff is the mother of trusts." The claim of Mr. Roosevelt that reciprocity is inconsistent with free trade and is a complement of the doctrine of protection, he answers by pointing to "the persistent refusal of the Republican majority in the Federal Senate to ratify the reciprocity treaties negotiated in pursuance of the policy advocated alike by Mr. Blaine and Mr. McKinley, and openly sanctioned in the fourth section of the Dingley Act."

> President McKinley undertook honestly to carry out the purpose of this section of the act. A number of reciprocity agreements were negotiated within the prescribed limit of two years, which, if ratified, would have had the twofold result of cheapening many imported products for American consumers, and of opening and enlarging foreign markets to American producers. Not one of those agreements has met with the approval of the Republican masters of the Senate. Indeed, they did not even permit their consideration.

This is perhaps the strongest point in the whole letter against the Republican party; nor do we see any answer to it, except Mr. Parker's statement elsewhere in the same letter, that "the Republican party includes many revisionists." As Mr. McKinley's latest counsel to his party, just before his death, urged reciprocity, and as Mr. Roosevelt has declared himself in his letter of acceptance and elsewhere strongly in favor of that policy, the revisionist Republicans are not without justification for the hope that the Republican party, if the present Administration is re-elected, will revise the present tariff in the interest of reciprocity.

❀

The Spirit of the Two Candidates Mr. Parker ends his letter by a definition of the issues joined between the Democratic and Republican parties, which is in such curious contrast with the judicial tone of the rest of his letter that it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that it has been contributed by one of his advisers and incorporated by him in order to impart zest to his letter. This statement is as follows:

> The issues are joined and the people must render the verdict.
>
> Shall economy of administration be demanded or shall extravagance be encouraged?
>
> Shall the wrongdoer be brought to bay by the people, or must justice wait upon political oligarchy?
>
> Shall our government stand for equal opportunity or for special privilege?
>
> Shall it remain a government of law or become one of individual caprice?
>
> Shall we cling to the rule of the people, or shall we embrace beneficent despotism?
>
> With calmness and confidence, we await the people's verdict.

If this were indeed the issue, Mr. Parker would be elected by acclamation and without opposition; for no party could stand before the people for the encouragement of extravagance, the maintenance of a political oligarchy, a government of special privilege and of individual caprice, and a benevolent despotism. Elsewhere in his letter Mr. Parker states the issue much more fairly:

> Shall we follow the footsteps of our fathers along the paths of peace, prosperity, and contentment, guided by the ever-living spirit of the Constitution which they framed for us, or shall we go along other and untried paths, hitherto shunned by all, following blindly new ideals?

Making due allowance for a partisan

rhetoric, this is not an unfair statement of the issue, which may, in other words, be thus stated: Shall we adhere in the twentieth century to the traditions and methods of our fathers in the beginning of the nineteenth, or shall we enter upon new paths, adopt new methods, and even accept new ideals, trusting in the ability of the men of our time to deal with our new conditions? Mr. Parker advocates the first policy, Mr. Roosevelt the second; and each is a true interpreter of the spirit and temperament of his party. Mr. Roosevelt's letter is bold, self-confident, progressive; its spirit, "New days bring new duties;" its counsel, "Let us go forward." Mr. Parker's letter is cautious, wary, conservative; its spirit, "Ask for the old paths;" its counsel, "Let us walk therein."

⁂

The New York Democratic Convention After a hot fight between the contending factions at Saratoga, the Democratic leaders agreed upon Judge D. Cady Herrick as a compromise candidate whom all factions could support, or whom at least no faction would openly oppose. It is understood that Judge Parker favored Edward M. Shepard, and Mr. Hill, John B. Stanchfield; Mr. McCarren, the Brooklyn leader, favored Edward M. Grout, the Comptroller of New York City, who was opposed by Mr. Murphy, of Tammany, the political enemy of Mr. McCarren. Although Mr. Hill was ready to accept Mr. Grout, the influence of Judge Parker urged unanimity, and Judge Herrick alone seemed available and acceptable to all the delegates. The platform is an exceedingly severe arraignment of the State administration in its strictures on the official and political career of Governor Odell, and this will be the main issue of the campaign, if the Democrats can keep it before the public. Thus the conditions in both political camps are much alike: a struggle; a compromise; a union more or less cordial; and in both cases a union on men of excellent personal character. Whoever is elected Governor, the State will have at its head an honest and able man; nor are there any clearly defined political issues on which the two parties are opposed. And yet the State election is not unimportant. The political issues in New York State are important chiefly for two reasons. The people of the State have voted to enlarge the Erie Canal, at an expense of one hundred and one million dollars. It is important to the people that this money shall be honestly and economically spent, under wise business administration, and no doubt it is important to the managers of both the parties to have the control of this work and the appointment of those who are to carry it on. Again, if the State is not carried by the Democratic party, there is no possibility of the election of Mr. Parker to the Presidency. If it is carried by the Democratic party, even if Mr. Parker should not be elected, there would be a foundation laid for a successful Democratic Presidential campaign four years from now.

⁂

The Opposing Candidates Each party is attempting to befog the issue by making the candidate of the other party odious through the unpopularity of the other party's campaign leader. Mr. Odell nominated Mr. Higgins in the Republican Convention, and the Democrats insist that Mr. Higgins is Odell's man, and that the issue is a continuance of what they call "Odellism." Mr. Hill nominated Judge D. Cady Herrick in the Democratic Convention, and the Republicans insist that Mr. Herrick is Mr. Hill's man, and that the issue is as to a revival of the kind of administration which Mr. Hill gave the State when he was Governor. The truth is that neither was Mr. Odell able to dominate the Republican Convention nor was Mr. Hill able to dominate the Democratic Convention. Mr. Higgins is no man's man; Mr. Herrick is no man's man. Mr. Odell was compelled to accept Mr. Higgins by the popular sentiment in the Convention in his favor; and Mr. Hill, after endeavoring to make a combination in support of Mr. Grout, the present Comptroller of the City of New York, was compelled to abandon it and accept, as though it were his own, the nomination of his old political enemy, Judge Herrick. Mr. Higgins is a business man of unquestionable integrity, of great though quiet force of character, of such political experience in life at the Capitol as Senator and Lieutenant-Governor that he cannot be easily deceived by the schemes of the shrewd, and of such aggressive uprightness that he cannot be corrupted; and his success as a business man shows him possessed of the qualities needed for the business supervision of such a work as the reconstruction of the Erie Canal. Mr. Herrick is a judge whose judicial reputation is certainly not inferior to that of Judge Parker; in the political controversies of this State he has identified himself with the reforming movements in the Democratic party, and he will be not less vigorous in his resistance of corruption nor less shrewd in his discovery of it, however disguised, than will be his Republican competitor. The only objection to Mr. Herrick is the one thus stated by the New York "Evening Post:"

> Justice Herrick is probably the only incumbent of the Supreme Court bench who has retained active political leadership after his elevation. He has maintained his position as a leader by use of the mailed hand whenever it was necessary to smash opposition—which has generally been Justice Herrick's method of dealing with opposition.

This appears to The Outlook, as it does to such independent papers as the "Evening Post" and the Springfield "Republican," a very serious objection. It would certainly be disastrous to the judiciary if it were to become an American habit for judges to remain active partisans after their elevation to the bench, and to look forward to any political office whatever as a promotion. The people of the State, irrespective of party, are to be congratulated on the fact that both Conventions have united in the judicial nominations, so that the complexion of the court is not involved in the election.

❀

Ohio's Educational Question

Never before, probably, has so much educational history been made and unmade in the same number of hours as by the last Ohio Legislature. A body of men, no one of whom was chosen because of his knowledge of or interest in education, theoretically or practically, settled and unsettled almost all the conditions vital to children, teachers, and school officers in the State. It was decreed in this new school code that every school trustee or school board member in every city, borough, and township in Ohio shall go out of his office at the close of 1904, and men and women newly elected take their places; that every teacher's certificate to teach shall go out of commission on September 1, 1905; that every superintendent in the State, whatever his contract, shall be held up for re-election by the new Board; that all teachers' examinations shall hereafter be conducted by the State Department of Education, instead of by the County Examiners as heretofore; that all teachers, regardless of age and experience, shall be examined upon subjects never before included in their examinations. Educationally, Ohio has had the same luck that she has had in industrial, civil, and military affairs. "The Ordinance of '87," which has shed more educational glory upon this particular bit of the "Northwest Territory" than has ever come to any other region from one act of the Federal Government, was a lucky accident rather than wise forethought. It was little more than a shrewd real-estate promotion scheme to tempt the Connecticut Yankees to settle along the Ohio instead of along the Lake, on land in the possession of a few bold pioneer speculators, and yet it turned out to be the world's greatest educational venture. So the new School Code necessitated by an unpremeditated decision of the Supreme Court of the State on an appeal of Mayor Samuel W. Jones, of Toledo, in a minor matter far removed from school interests, may set entirely new vibratory motions a-going. Certainly no end of interests, commercial and professional, have been stunned by it. No publisher, superintendent, teacher, or janitor, in a State of four and a third million people, has the slightest idea what has happened to him, or whether anything has happened or whether anything will happen to him, in consequence. The Supreme Court decided that certain city charters were unconstitutional because the city was given special privileges and local powers. Since so much must be done to remedy this, everything conceivable was done, and in so short a time that the chief concern was to do something that the legal legislative advisers thought would be constitutional. Most unfortunately, the carefully drafted bill of the committee was more or less mutilated on the floor of the House or Senate at the last minute.

❀

Radical Provisions By this Code the school term of the State is uniformly lengthened to thirty-two weeks, though none is reduced in consequence; every school in a township must have the same length of school year, and there is an end to the practice of having longer terms for village than for rural schools in the same township; every teacher and superintendent in office must be first voted upon before the name of a new applicant can be considered; and every teacher in service can draw regular pay for attendance upon the county institute. The Code provides that in the five cities of more than 50,000 population a portion of the members must be elected on a general ticket and the rest by subdistricts, the present school board determining the number and population. Cleveland has decided upon 5 at large and 2 by districts; Cincinnati, 3 at large and 24 by districts; Toledo, 3 to 2; Columbus, 3 to 12; Dayton, 2 to 18. Of the other 66 cities of 5,000 and upwards, Delaware, Wooster, and Zanesville will each have a board of 3, while 12 will have 5, 33 will have 6, and 18 will have 7. The one feature of the Code that is startling is the absolute denial to any city or town of the right to allow the superintendent to appoint and remove teachers without the formal approval of the school board. The federal plan, so called, now adopted by many cities, by which the superintendent is given full sway in professional matters, was born in Cleveland, and for the retention of this privilege her citizens contended at Columbus last winter, maintaining there a body of influential advocates, and, as the Governor was a resident of Cleveland, the emphatic defeat of this feature was a surprise. All in all, however, it is a most interesting and radical piece of educational legislation.

❀

A Correction An item has been going the rounds of the Northern newspapers that in the late Manassas maneuvers a Georgia boy refused to salute a negro officer, and that Governor Terrell and ex-Governor Candler, both of Georgia, emphatically declared their approval of his act, with, in the case of ex-Governor Candler, some added profanity. The Outlook, before commenting on this incident, wrote to the two gentlemen for information as to the facts. Ex-Governor Candler replies: "I never said anything about 'damned Yankees' or 'damned negroes.' All this is the figment of the fertile imagination of some sensational reporter. I have only said, and I repeat it with emphasis, that the officer who would attempt to discipline a Southern militiaman for such an offense as this Georgia boy is alleged to have committed is a consummate fool." And he adds that this "was said jocularly in reply to the question of the local reporter, 'What do you think of the boy who refused to salute a negro sergeant?'" Governor Terrell is equally explicit. The story being reported to him that a Georgia soldier at Manassas had refused to salute a negro officer, he replied: "The despatch no doubt emanated from a sensational newspaper correspondent, and was probably without the slightest foundation; though, if it were a fact, the young man had only shown himself to be true to Southern sentiment, and should not be criticised. He intended no disrespect to the shoulder-straps, but did not care to extend the usual courtesy to one whom he regarded as his inferior." The Outlook is very glad to do what it can to correct the false reports which impute to these Southern gentlemen the extraordinary expressions attributed to them; and it is no less glad to defend them from the injustice of the careless reporters. But we radically disagree with them. Any refusal to salute an officer is a subject for both criticism and discipline. The officer may be intellectually and morally the inferior of the private; he may be one whom the private in social life would rightly refuse to recognize; but this is absolutely no reason why in the military life he should refuse to pay him the respect which army regulations require to be paid to a superior officer.

❁

The Slocum Disaster: Self-Exculpation The only influence of the report of the local Board of Steamboat Inspectors on the Slocum disaster will be to make it if possible still clearer than before that the entire machinery of steamboat inspection in New York City needs thorough investigation and reorganization. Practically, these inspection officers sat in judgment upon their own acts of criminal negligence as charged and believed by the people of New York City. It is not surprising, then, to find that the Board lays the entire blame for the disaster upon the officers and crew of the vessel, and insists, under a very specious ex-parte statement of facts, that there were no defects in the number or quality of the life-preservers, and that the fire-extinguishing appliances were adequate. To reach this conclusion the Board ignores much of the evidence before the coroner's jury, and very lamely charges that the coroner did not appear before them with important evidence—the fact being, upon their own statement, that they made no persistent or intelligent attempt to procure the attendance of the coroner with this evidence, and that he declares that he was ready and anxious to produce the testimony in question. This in itself is enough to show the worthlessness and partisan character of the investigation of the Board of Inspectors. The action which has already been taken in this matter by the Department of Commerce at Washington, and President Roosevelt's strongly expressed personal interest in the matter, make it certain, we think, that the present condition as to steamboat inspection in New York will not be allowed to continue. Meanwhile, the hope that just and adequate punishment will be inflicted upon those guilty must rest on the trial by the Federal courts of the men who have been indicted by the Federal Grand Jury. The list includes the two inspectors who approved the condition of the vessel and life-saving appliances, as well as officers of the boat and of the company that owned it.

❁

Willard Fiske Mr. Willard Fiske, who died suddenly at Frankfort, Germany, on the 18th inst., was one of the most accomplished American scholars of his time. The fact that of late he had been engaged on a two-volume work entitled "Chess in Iceland and Icelandic Literature, with Historical Notes on Other Table Games," is an indication of the scholarly nature of his interests and of the wealth of his leisure. He left Hamilton College in the middle of his course in order that he might study the Scandinavian languages at first hand, and the University of Upsala left its impress on him. He was in the Astor Library, New York City, for seven years, and it was during this period that he laid the foundations of his collection of Icelandic literature, probably the largest in the world. Petrarch laid hold of him next, and his interest in the Italian humanist led to a collection of Petrarch literature which is one of the most complete in modern times. The winter of 1888 and 1889 was spent in Egypt, where he prepared an index to a modern Arabic grammar. Later he became Secretary of the American Geographical Society, an attaché of the American Legation at Vienna, a journalist in Syracuse and Hartford, and finally, in 1868, a professor at Cornell University, where he had the department of Northern European Languages and was college librarian. He married Miss McGraw, whose father was one of the foremost friends of Cornell. Her death, which was a crushing blow to him, led to differences between him and the trustees of the University, and to the transference of his residence and library to Florence, where he occupied in succession two villas of rich literary association. The first had been the home of Mr. George P. Marsh, and the second at one time the home of Walter Savage Landor—a villa well known to Americans, not alone for this reason, but because it is popularly supposed to have been the scene of the Decameron. Americans visiting in Florence who had the privilege of enjoying his hospitality will never forget the charm of the villa and the equal charm of the host, one of the most highly cultivated men of his time. The friend of many men of letters and scholars; denied, except for a very short time, the resources of family life, Mr. Fiske gave himself unreservedly not only to the arduous labors but to the manifold joys of scholarship, and never has scholarship been more genially interpreted than by this accomplished man.

❀

The Quaker Hill Conferences

A rural community which cherishes at once such reverence for its own past, such interest in vital problems of the present, and such a sense of the importance of the life of the spirit, as to maintain an annual conference for the promotion of all these interests, affords to the country at large an example worthy of study and imitation. It is true that the annual Quaker Hill Conferences, the sixth of which was held week before last in the beautiful eastern upland region of New York State, were due in the first initiative to the intelligent public spirit of a few individuals, and are maintained to a considerable degree by the generosity of these persons, living and dead. But it is none the less true that a not inconsiderable part of the financial support and a large share of the labor required by such gatherings are the free offering of a large number of members of the widely scattered farming community, and this fact, rather than the fine generosity of the few, gives their outstanding significance to these Conferences. The eminence of the speakers and the unique character of some of the exercises of the Conferences are second in importance to the illustration which they give of the high level of interest in things of the mind still maintained in some of our rural communities. It may well be that few of our rural districts stand on the intellectual and moral level of Quaker Hill; but that even one farming community annually turns with joy from its usual occupations to support and share in a conference of six days' duration, devoted to themes of highest spiritual and practical moment, is a signal illustration of the possibilities always, and especially now, inherent in our civilization. There is no reason why this Conference should not serve as an object-lesson to other communities and to churches in their ecclesiastical conferences which are now altogether ecclesiastical.

❀

Their Spirit

The Quaker Hill Conference is wholly unecclesiastical. It included a daily morning hour of Bible study, and eight sessions devoted to the consideration of subjects as widely varied as the meaning of salvation in the great religions at one extreme, and good roads at the other. Most interesting was the unique observance of Quaker Hill Day, with its service in the historic old Quaker Meeting-House, its admirable local history monographs, and its bountiful collation on the lawn of the manse, at which scores of neighbor people and many scattered descendants of the old settlers sit down with the invited speakers of the Conference. The outstanding feature of all the Conferences is the essential unity of thought manifested by people of the most varied interests—preachers, teachers, men and women of affairs, people who know, because they have done things as well as studied things—all standing together, in marvelous harmony with the spirit of freedom and reverence which characterized the ancient settlers of "the Hill," in recognizing that the power of truth, as given dispassionately and in freedom from theological system, is the greatest force of the present as it was of the olden time. A peculiarly happy development of this series of Conferences is the acquisition by the Conference Association of the old Quaker Meeting-House, said to be the building in which was made the first public protest ever uttered against human slavery. One of the most interesting features of Quaker Hill Day was the unveiling, on the Meeting-House grounds, of a memorial boulder of white feldspar, bearing a bronze tablet recording the important historic events connected with "the Oblong Meeting-House." The Association proposes to identify and mark other local sites of historic importance—Washington's Headquarters, the graves of Revolutionary soldiers, and others.

❀

The King of Servia The crowning of Peter Karageorgevitch as the King of Servia in succession to Alexander, who was so brutally murdered a few months ago, was accompanied by the usual ceremonies, religious and civil. The King found the wearing of the crown a greater tax upon his strength than he was able to endure, and was obliged to remove it several times during the ceremony, a statement which will be readily believed when the weight of the crown is known. Physically, that weight is thirty pounds; morally, for the present King, its weight ought to be crushing. The only significant incident in the long coronation ceremony of more than three hours was the accidental dropping of the royal insignia in the mud!

❀

Affairs in Tibet So far as is known, the matters settled by the treaty between Great Britain and Tibet are the rectification of the frontier, the definition of trade relations between Tibet and India, the claim of Great Britain to be represented in Lhasa by a Resident, and the agreement that Tibet shall not enter into political relations with any foreign country except Great Britain. The latter provision was part of a treaty made fourteen years ago with the Amban, the Chinese representative at Lhasa, but subsequently repudiated by the Lamas on the ground that the Amban had no authority to conclude such an arrangement. The treaty involves the re-establishment of Chinese authority at Lhasa, the recognition of the fact that Tibet is an integral part of the Chinese Empire, the restoration of the Amban to the position of influence and power which he formerly held—for the Amban, who is the Chinese Imperial Minister resident at Lhasa, represents the suzerainty of China over the rulers of Tibet. His authority was disregarded by the Tibetans, and has been for a number of years past, in the particulars recently recited in The Outlook. His restoration to power means that he will probably be under British influence, and that Great Britain will be the chief adviser of the Tibetan authorities on all matters of foreign policy. For several years past Russian intrigue has been busily at work at Lhasa, and Russia has intended to control Tibet herself; these facts explain the vigorous protest which Russia has made at London and at Peking against the British-Tibetan treaty. In London the Russian Ambassador will be met with courteous explanations; in Peking the usual policy will probably be pursued—delay, evasion, and oscillation between Russian interests on one side and British interests on the other; but as the British are in control and the Russians preoccupied with the immense task on their hands in Manchuria, the protest may be regarded as academic—presented for the purpose of making what is called a record for future use.

❀

Political Issues

III.—The Parties

By his ballot next November the voter will say not merely whom he chooses for President, but which party he desires to intrust with the administration of the Government for the next four years. For this country is governed, not by individuals, but by parties. Mr. Roosevelt must select not only his counselors, but the chief administrators of the different departments, from the Republican party; Mr. Parker must select them from the Democratic party. We elect not merely Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Parker; we also elect the men whom Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Parker will appoint to office.

In deciding to which class of persons we wish to intrust the administration of the country, it is not unfair to compare the men who are the advisers of the candidates in the campaign. At Chicago, Senator Lodge managed Mr. Roosevelt's canvass, so far as it had a manager; at St. Louis, Mr. Hill managed Mr. Parker's. The men chosen to preside over the Republican Convention were Elihu Root and Joseph G. Cannon; those chosen to preside over the Democratic Convention were John Sharp Williams and Champ Clark. The head of the Republican Campaign Committee is Mr. Cortelyou; the head of the Democratic Campaign Committee is Mr. Taggart. Which set of men represents the type of character to which the voter desires to submit the administration of the country for the next four years? Or, the voter might compare Mr. Roosevelt's present Cabinet with the men from whom it seems not improbable that Mr. Parker's Cabinet would be selected, though such a comparison is somewhat more difficult to make. A vote for Mr. Roosevelt is a vote to continue our foreign affairs under the direction of Mr. Hay, our colonial affairs under the direction of Mr. Taft, our finances under the direction of Mr. Shaw, and the supervision of the great corporations under the direction of Mr. Victor Metcalf. But how far a vote for Mr. Parker is a vote for such advisers as Edward M. Shepard, Richard Olney, and George Foster Peabody, how far for such advisers as Thomas Taggart, William F. Sheehan, and David B. Hill, it is difficult for those not in the secret counsels of Mr. Parker to tell, for both classes of counselors appear to be in his present unofficial cabinet.

But the question of parties is more than a question of personnel. The personalities represent masses of men, currents of opinion, political tendencies. It is between these currents of opinion, these political tendencies, that the voter has to choose. In a very suggestive essay on American parties William Garrott Brown has thus antithetically described the two tendencies which the two great parties in America have respectively embodied in the past:

> One, I believe, has stood and still stands mainly for an effective government, the other for a free government. One seeks an equalization of welfare and opportunity, the other bulwarks the historical rights of property. One is responsive to the changeful voice of the popular will, the other follows the intelligent guidance of successful men of affairs. One is the party of ideas and ideals, the party of liberty, the other is the party of practical achievement, the party of authority and order. Aspiration and Utopianism against purpose and opportunism, genius and eccentricity against common sense and self-interest, the universal and the visionary against the specific and the practical, the kingdom of the air against the kingdom of the earth—such I conceive to be the perpetual antagonism of parties; and the great lines of battle, now straight and clear, now twisted by lesser conflicts or obscured by temporary distortions of the surface of society, do yet run unceasing, if not unbroken, through the whole course of our history.

There is no doubt which of these tendencies the Republican party has represented during the past eight years. It has stood for an effective government, it has bulwarked the rights of property, it has sought to follow the intelligent guidance of successful men of affairs, it has been a party of authority and order. It has believed in a strong central government, has been more afraid of niggardliness than of extravagance in expenditure, has not hesitated to assume responsibility for the government of possessions beyond the sea, has promptly interfered to prevent internecine war in a neighboring country when it believed that such war would be seriously injurious to world interests, has paid fifty millions out of the treasury and assumed responsibility for one or two hundred millions more, in order to make an interoceanic canal for the commerce of the world.

The Democratic party as it actually exists to-day cannot be so easily described. For it has been rent in twain by a struggle not merely between remarkable personalities, but between two absolutely antagonistic tendencies. The Democratic party is really two parties united in the same political organism. One is individualistic, the other socialistic; one the Jeffersonian Democracy of America, the other the Social Democracy of Germany; one is typified by Mr. Cleveland, the other by Mr. Bryan. Both may be said to stand for a free government, for an equalization of welfare and opportunity, for ideas and ideals, but by methods which lead in opposite directions. The one element would make men free by limiting the power of government, the other by enlarging its functions; the one seeks an equality of welfare and opportunity by leaving each individual free to find his own opportunity and seek his own welfare, the other by combining all individuals in a common order for a common wealth; the ideals of the one are a community of free individuals, of the other a brotherhood of man; the one in the beginning of the nineteenth century questioned whether the Government or private enterprise would better carry the mails, the other in 1904 desires to see the Government take over the telegraphs and the railroads; the one would leave individual enterprise to provide and regulate the currency, the other would make the Nation the banker for the community; the one would leave the control of industrial combinations among individuals to the operation of natural laws, the other would put them under Governmental control; the one would limit the power of the people by a written Constitution strictly construed, the other, impatient of any checks on popular control, would reconstruct the Supreme Court if its decisions became a hindrance to the immediate execution of the popular will.

At St. Louis these two factions were both represented. It was clear that neither faction alone had any hope of carrying the next election. A compromise was effected by framing a platform which represented Social Democracy and nominating a candidate who represented Individualistic Democracy. The platform was significantly silent on the currency issue; the candidate dramatically declared himself a gold Democrat. The platform denounced the tariff as a robbery of the many to enrich the few, and demanded a tariff for revenue only; the candidate emphasized the fact that no radical changes in the tariff could be made because of a Republican Senate. The platform demanded an enlargement of the powers of the Inter-State Commerce Commission and radical legislative measures to prevent monopolies; the candidate declared that the common law affords a complete legal remedy against monopolies. In short, the platform represents, though imperfectly, a party whose watchword is fraternalism; the candidate, though cautiously, a party whose watchword is individualism.

It is said by the opponents of the Democratic party that it is without convictions, is vacillating, is double-minded. But not Mr. Roosevelt himself has been more explicit in the utterance of his convictions than such Democratic leaders as Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bryan, Mr. Shepard and Mr. Towne. These men are not double-minded, nor vacillating, nor without convictions. If the party is so, it is because its representative men are not agreed in their convictions. What Mr. Bryan proposes Mr. Cleveland opposes, what Mr. Towne demands Mr. Shepard denies. The party appears to be double-minded because now one leader speaks for the party, now another leader; it appears to be vacillating as one or the other is for the hour its spokesman. It is true that in all parties there are differences of opinion. But in the Populist, the Prohibition, and the Republican parties these are differences between men all of whom are animated by a common purpose and are moving in the same direction; the two parties of which the Democratic party is composed are animated by principles absolutely oppugnant, and their respective leaders represent tendencies in absolutely opposite directions. In fact, the principles of the Social Democracy and of the Individualistic Democracy are more radically opposed to each other than the principles of either are to those of the Republican party.

The independent voter, considering the question whether he will vote for the Republican or the Democratic party, has first to determine whether a vote for the Democratic party is a vote for Social Democracy or for Individualistic Democracy. Is it a vote for Mr. Parker or for the Democratic platform? for a party which believes in the gold standard or for one which is silent on the money question? for a party which believes that protection is robbery, or for one which believes in a very cautious revision of the tariff? for a party which demands drastic legislation to suppress trusts and monopolies, or for a party which would leave them to the operation of natural law and such limited regulation as the common law affords? Upon this question the voter's sympathies will probably affect the voter's opinions. Generally, however, when a platform and a candidate disagree, it is the candidate who is voted for, not the platform; the candidate, not the platform, is elected, if the party is indorsed at the polls. For a tendency embodied in men is always far more powerful than a tendency expressed only in words. As the character of a church is determined by the spirit of its ministry rather than by the wording of its creed, so the character of a party is determined by the spirit of its leaders rather than by the phrases of its platform. Lincoln and Johnson were elected on the same platform, but the character of the Administration was entirely changed by the death of Lincoln.

We therefore judge that a vote for Mr. Parker is a vote against Social Democracy and for Individualistic Democracy. It is a vote for the strict construction of the Constitution, for limiting the powers of government, for leaving industrial organizations largely to the operation of natural law except as by their action they violate the common law, for reversing the colonial policy of the last eight years, for withdrawing from the Philippines at the earliest possible moment, for confining our governmental interests in international affairs to the American continents, and for a return to the ideals of government which prevailed in the days of Thomas Jefferson. A vote for Mr. Roosevelt is a vote for a liberal construction of the Constitution, for emphasis on the word powers rather than on the word limited in the phrase "the best government is one of limited powers," for governmental supervision and control of those great industrial organizations which are a feature of modern commercial life, for governing the Philippines until the Filipinos are prepared for self-government, and leaving the question of either their separation from America or their closer identification with America to be determined by a consideration of their interests and ours when the time for action comes; and for maintaining in the world the position which recent events have given to us, and continuing to take an active part in the world's affairs.

One Who Loved His Fellow-Men

The Christian spirit has ever overflowed the bounds of Christian institutions and carried its humanizing influence beyond the immediate influence of the Church. Always true, this was never so largely true as now. The spirit of devout consecration and unselfish service is found in medicine, teaching, law, journalism, politics, and other vocations, as readily, perhaps as frequently, as in the ministry. It is seen in the physician giving his best skill to the poor without recompense at the hospital and the dispensary, in the teacher leaving his cultured home and braving the discomforts of exile and the hazards of a perilous climate that he may lay in the Philippines the foundations of a public-school system, in the lawyer turning aside from an honored, agreeable, and well-paid profession to enter the service of the State at an inadequate salary, with disagreeable associations, and subject to every form of public and private attack upon his good name. It was recognized by all who knew him as the animating spirit of Charles B. Spahr, who carried into journalism the same spirit of devotion to his fellow-men and the same spirit of faith in a redeeming God that his father had carried into the work of a pioneer ministry in the West. The cable announcement that his body has been washed ashore and identified in England, permits me to break that reserve which could not be broken while there was still any possibility that he might still be living, and to speak over my own name, though for my associates no less than for myself, a testimony to the worth of his character.

From his early manhood he devoted himself to the cause of the poor with a consecration of spirit not less unselfish than that of Francis of Assisi, and sometimes not more wisely directed. It was this devotion to the weaker party in every conflict that made him the advocate of free silver, which he regarded as the cause of the debtor class; the defender of the Philippines in their resistance to the United States Government, because he regarded it as the expression of a national longing for independence by a poor, ignorant, and long-oppressed people; and that led him to condemn the Administration for its action in Panama, because he thought that Colombia was the victim of spoliation by her stronger neighbor. It was this spirit also that made his sympathies always go out to the workingmen in all labor wars, even when his judgment and his conscience condemned both the spirit and the methods of their leaders. It was this enthusiasm of humanity that made him constitutionally and temperamentally a reformer. Injustice aroused his wrath, and he struck at it always regardless of any consequences to himself, sometimes not regardful of the consequences to others.

This spirit of consecration to humanity was mated to a sacred reverence for truth. He never for an instant harbored the notion that the end justifies the means; never believed for an instant that justice could be served by falsehood. This love for truth, whatever its immediate effect on him, or on those he was fighting for, made it impossible for him to be a partisan. His passionate devotion to his cause sometimes obscured his judgment, but it never disturbed his vision. Possessing a familiarity with statistics in his special field, economics, which was a perpetual marvel to me, he never used them to mystify an opponent, or made them bear false testimony to support a cause, however dear it was to him.

For both his consecration to the service of his fellow-men and his sacred reverence for truth were sustained by a never-failing faith in God. And it was faith in God, not in definitions of God, nor in reflections of God in the experiences of others. To him the Kingdom of God and the Brotherhood of Man were different expressions for the same hope. In the darkest hours and the greatest disappointments—and he knew some disappointments that were very bitter—he never long lost his optimism, for his optimism was his faith that God is working out the world's redemption, and his consecration was a rejoicing purpose to have some share in the great consummation.

His defects were the exaggerations of his virtues. A too intense, too unrestrained devotion to the cause of his fellow-men, intensified by a life spent in the excitements of a great city where every day he saw what aroused his indignation, and in a profession which gave him every day greater opportunities to bear his witness than he had strength to avail himself of, led by indirection to his untimely death. The lesson of his life, to those who knew and loved him, is that even noble passions must be held in restraint; that even a life of consecration to humanity, of reverence for truth, and of faith in God must be lived in obedience to those laws of life which our physical conditions and our social environment impose upon us.

L. A.

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Women and Their Work

The Outlook surrenders a large portion of its space in this issue to the presentation of the various activities in which women are interested, not because it believes that women's interests can be separated from the interests of men, or that the work of what is sometimes called the "new woman" is in any vital way different from the work of the women of the earlier generations. It is impossible to separate the interests and occupations of women from those of men; men and women have always worked together, and civilization is the product of their copartnership. The modern movement towards the enlargement of the field in which women find work has made more evident the fact that at the bottom the supreme interests of men and women are identical—that neither can prosper without securing the prosperity of the other, and that neither can suffer degeneration or decline without involving the degeneration and decline of the other. When Thomas Carlyle was told that Margaret Fuller had decided to accept the universe, he smiled derisively and said, "She'd better." All attempts to make over the world according to a new and modern fashion—to persuade men and women that they attain their highest ends by living apart from one another and refusing the common obligations of marriage and of fatherhood and motherhood—are doomed to disastrous failure. The Brahmin may repeat a hundred thousand times the well-worn phrase, "I am God!" but he remains mortal at the end of his almost endless reiteration, unable to change a single law of the universe or to modify any of the great permanent conditions under which human life must be lived.

There has been on the part of some iconoclastic thinkers of both sexes of late years an implicit and at times explicit condemnation of the order of the world and a severe arraignment of Deity for the relations in which men and women are set and their common need of one another; but all such judgments are nullified by a deeper and more spiritual conception of the significance of the facts of life. The men and women who are in revolt against the order which a Divine Wisdom has established in this world are fighting their own inadequate interpretations of that order.

The interests and occupations of women have been multiplied during the past three decades, and that enlargement will perhaps appear, two centuries hence, as the most important fact in the history of the nineteenth century. Gates that had been barred against the entrance of women and doors that had been locked now stand wide open. A thousand opportunities are within reach of capable women on every side; and this has come about in accordance with that law of evolution the main purpose of which seems to be to develop one by one all the capacities and faculties of the human soul. That this development has been one-sided in some respects is evident and inevitable; that, on the whole, it has been beneficent is also evident. That women are to become permanently the workers of the world in the material sense no man believes who values the spiritual welfare of society; that in the future the great majority of women are to deal with things and not with ideas—to set themselves to material rather than to spiritual and social tasks, to cast in their fortunes with men in doing the drudgery of the world—is a prospect which no man who cares for the betterment of humanity could face with equanimity. The Outlook does not for a moment believe that present conditions are permanent; that upon the shoulders of women, as upon men, are to be laid in the future the heavy work of the world. It believes that the larger freedom of women is not an opportunity to take up the heavier burdens and more material tasks, but to gain fuller opportunities for self-development, and for the expression of what Goethe called "the eternal feminine."

It is interesting to note that the activities of women to which prominence is given in this issue of The Outlook are social, altruistic, and artistic; that the interests of women outside the home as within the home still center in the same objects, and have as their purpose the attainment of the same ends. The woman who fifty years ago cared solely for the welfare of her own children now cares for the welfare of the children of the community; the woman who was interested entirely in making beautiful her own home now passionately desires to make the town in which she lives beautiful; the woman who cared chiefly to secure efficient service in her kitchen is now eager to discover the true relations between mistress and maid, and to deal with the whole subject not simply from the standpoint of her own home, but from the standpoint of the interests of both classes. As writers, illustrators, makers of homes, workers in settlements, the spirit of women is seen to be still, after all the changes that have been made, essentially altruistic and idealistic. The two Queens whose interests and tastes are illustrated or described in this issue are women devoted to generous aims, eager to help, alive to the highest interests of society, exponents of the best life of their time.

One of the contributors to this group of articles, the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," in her latest book, "The Woman Errant," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, has emphasized the fact that the old problems which have faced all the women of the past still remain to be solved by the women of the present, the old work remains to be done, and the old service to be rendered. She does not believe that a woman's career outside the home is in any sense more dignified or important than her career in the home; she believes that the so-called independence to which a great many women aspire in these days is a new and sterile kind of dependence; that in the endeavor to secure freedom from responsibility many women are putting themselves outside the range of the richest educational influences of life and missing its deepest experiences. In the long run the race will not suffer from the misconception which underlies these efforts or from the abuse of freedom of action which has come to the women of to-day. Nature will take care of that. The pathetic aspect of the matter lies in the fact that so many women of capacity and latent idealism will suffer serious loss, and will awaken in middle age to the saddest of disillusions because they have mistaken the real path. The interests of the race are safe; it is the interests of the individual that are in peril.

There is no such person as a "new woman," as there is no such man as a new man. There are new interests, new occupations, new opportunities for the women of to-day, but the woman of to-day, made in the image of the women of all former times, stands in unbroken line with them. Their nature is her nature, divinely given at the beginning, and she can no more separate herself from the women of yesterday than the men of to-day can cut themselves off from their ancestry. The old-fashioned woman, whom the author of "The Woman Errant" has set in such striking contrast with the woman who imagines that a career means separation from domestic life and competition in the open field of work, is the woman of all the past and all the future. She has spoken different languages, she has lived under different conditions, the circumstances which surround her will be greatly modified in the future; but she will remain essentially, in the divine plan of life, the same servant of her kind and of God; free to express the force that is in her, to find work which her hands are able to do, to realize as fully as men her own possibilities, but to know in the end that real independence is never found in isolation.

A distinguished German scholar was once conversing with an American woman of unusual intelligence and character. She asked him many questions which seemed to him to show interest in matters which in his judgment lay outside the sphere of women's activity. "You must see my wife," he said; "she has seventeen children and no opinions." The Outlook believes that women who have ideas are the only women who are capable of rearing intelligent children, and that women who refuse the responsibilities of motherhood will be barren of vital, creative ideas.

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The Archbishop of Canterbury

The presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury in this country is interesting from many points of view. Not only is Dr. Davidson the first Archbishop who has ever come to America, but he is the first Archbishop who has left Great Britain officially for nearly four centuries; and no single event is more significant of the closer drawing of ties between the Old World and the New than his coming to the Western world at this time. He is, moreover, a man of conspicuous ability along lines which strongly appeal to Americans. The ancient See of Canterbury has been filled for many years past by a line of men of unusual force of mind and character. Archbishop Tait attracted attention a generation ago by his breadth of view, the progressiveness of his spirit, and the courage of his expression. Archbishop Benson, whose death in the church at Hawarden on a visit to Mr. Gladstone has not been forgotten, was a man of unusual elevation of character and nobility of nature. Archbishop Temple was the embodiment of intellectual energy, frankness, and courage, his utterances during the heated debate between the two great schools in the English Church being notable for clearness, breadth of view, and candor.

Archbishop Davidson belongs in the same class. A man of Scotch birth, in the prime of life, educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Oxford, he has probably had a more thorough training for the great position which he holds than any of his predecessors. Nearly thirty years ago, when he was a curate in Kent, he became the Chaplain of Archbishop Tait. This involved close relations with the head of the Church, and intimacy with the delicate and difficult affairs with which the Archbishop of Canterbury has to deal. He was brought into close quarters, so to speak, with young men preparing to enter the ministry of the Church; he familiarized himself with the missionary work of the Church, in which he has shown a deep and vital interest; all the questions with which the head of the Church of England has to deal, educational, ecclesiastical, and religious, he was compelled to study. He had, moreover, association with a man of great breadth of view and of statesmanlike instincts. He lived in the Archbishop's family, became his son-in-law, and subsequently wrote his biography. It was during this stage of his career that Queen Victoria became impressed by Dr. Davidson's rare judgment and capacity, and made him one of her honorary chaplains. A year later he became Dean of Windsor, and this brought him into close relations with the Queen, who came to trust him to such an extent that he was one of her confidential advisers, and during all the later years of her life was in intimate relations with her. It is well known that his advice greatly influenced the Queen in the matter of appointments to the most important positions in the Church. In 1891 Dr. Davidson was made Clerk of the Closet to the Queen, an official recognition of the importance which the Queen attached to her counselor. The position is old and its duties are not onerous, but the man who fills it is the recognized adviser of the sovereign on all matters upon which he may be called to give his judgment. Thirteen years ago Dr. Davidson was made Bishop of Rochester, a very important diocese which offers a wide field in active and aggressive work, and which drew upon the working power of Dr. Davidson to such a degree as seriously to impair his health for the time. In 1895 he was transferred to the Bishopric of Winchester, one of the foremost of the ancient bishoprics in the English Church. Last year, on the death of Archbishop Temple, Dr. Davidson became the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The old palace on the Thames, opposite Westminster Hall, is familiar to all Americans who know London. The oldest part of the palace, the square tower of gray stone, built about 1200, is known as Lollards' Tower, and its upper story, according to tradition, was used as a prison for the Lollards. Both Queen Mary and Cromwell used it as a prison in later years. Cranmer's Tower, built by the famous Archbishop whose name it bears, is also square and venerable. Morton's Tower of red brick was built several years before the landing of Columbus in this country. The chapel, which is in the Early English style, was built about 1250 by Archbishop Boniface, and one of its windows was presented by the American bishops present at the second Lambeth Congress in 1878.

As the head of the English Church, Dr. Davidson knows no parties. He is catholic in the true sense of the word, though his affiliations are with the Broad Church school, and he has a fervor of spirit and an energy of faith which are not always associated with that group of Churchmen. He is not in sympathy with the extreme ritualistic party which has made such progress of late years in the Church of England, but he recognizes that a national Church should make room, not only for different interpretations of the same historic facts, but for a certain latitude of ritual and practice, because it must provide for a great range of temperaments. The first service in which the Archbishop took part on American soil was held in St. Mary's Church at Northeast Harbor, Maine, on Sunday, September 11. The crowded church attested the interest which was felt in the first participation of an Archbishop of Canterbury in an American service. Nothing could have been more simple than the service, in which there was no formal recognition of the Archbishop's official position. The sermon preached on that occasion The Outlook takes especial pleasure in giving to its readers this week, not so much because it is the first sermon ever preached on American soil by an Archbishop of Canterbury, but because it is so admirable an expression of a broad, progressive, and religious spirit. It was delivered with singular felicity of manner; direct, simple, in full, well-modulated tones, and it held the close attention of the congregation. Personally the Archbishop is a man of simple character, approachable and sympathetic; the best type of a Scotchman and of an ecclesiastic.

The Heritage of Christian Brotherhood

By the Most Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D.

Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England

The Archbishop of Canterbury, spending his first Sunday in the United States at Northeast Harbor, as Bishop Doane's guest, preached in the quiet country church there his first sermon on American soil, to a very large and very representative congregation of summer residents and of the people living there all the year round. Being sure that it has not only its own inherent value, but additional interest as the first sermon preached by the Arch bishop in America, The Outlook has secured the privilege of presenting the sermon to its readers.—THE EDITORS.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.—Rom. xiv. 7.

FAMILIAR words, with a familiar explanation. We usually explain them as meaning: Don't be selfish; think of other men's needs, other men's opinions—if need be, other men's prejudices; and beware in any of these ways of causing wrong or pain to those for whom Christ died. But the words are capable of an even wider meaning. No doubt, as they came at first from the hand of the Apostle, with their message of warning and encouragement to the little band of timid, down-trodden people, not very clever or far-seeing, who formed the Christian congregations in some of the poorest streets of Rome, they had a very simple meaning. Live in peace; bear and forbear; think of one another's difficulties, and let your whole life be governed by the law of love. But we, who look at them now after so many Christian centuries, can give the words a larger range. We see in them a recognition of the different brotherhoods of all kinds which mark limits local or historical in the world's life—brotherhoods which link separate times as truly as separate places. It is this thought of the linking on of one generation to another in the bands of Christian brotherhood that I would, in the very simplest way that I can, dwell upon for a few minutes this morning.

The Bible, from first to last, calls attention to the privileges and responsibilities thus handed on with accumulated knowledge and experience and power. The whole Old Testament speaks of it in the slow unrolling, bit by bit, of God's message to man, and the New Testament story throws back a rich light upon the Old, and hands on the heritage with a new meaning to an infinitely wider circle. On each generation, ever since, in the Old World and in the New, has been laid the task of keeping strong and pure and bright the little bit intrusted to its keeping in the long chain of human history.

This sort of brotherhood is always difficult to realize in its fullness. We are often told, though personally I doubt it, that it is specially difficult in our own day. Certainly the stir and whirl of modern life, say in America, or even in England, concentrate most people's thoughts upon the present hour. It was said the other day by a generally observant writer that English workingmen have quite ceased to care about the past, and that they regard appeals to history as the stock in trade of the impostor or the obscurantist. I feel certain myself that this is not true in England. I should be sorry to believe it to be true here; but if it were to become true, it would be an evil day for the lands we love. The peril, however, is not imaginary. It exists, and we must be on our guard against it. We all know the familiar though very flimsy gibe, "Why should I care for posterity? What has posterity ever done for me?" If that poor scoff is worth answering, I would answer it thus: Posterity has done very much for me if it inspires me to maintain a high standard of life and honor for the sake of those who shall come afterwards. It is only thus that we can see the true worth of human effort. There is an isolation, a terrible isolation, about the present if we sunder it from what has gone before and from what comes after. The vapid copy-book headlines about "the vanity of human wishes" and so forth, would be profoundly true but for our links with past and future. Take almost any human life by itself and it is an unsatisfactory thing—we might almost say a failure—so far as its work goes.

A man achieves, as people put it, some great position of influence or authority, say that of a great general or a prominent statesman, or perhaps the leadership of a vast republic. If we could see his inner thoughts, we should find in most cases how little there is about it which really gives him, on that account, the sort of pleasure which men suppose him to be feeling. To some it would doubtless have given infinite pleasure to see him there. To his father or his mother the sight would have been one of intense joy, but in nine cases out of ten their eyes are closed in death before he has been called to the work or the trust which would have made them so happy. Or, again, how rarely does a man actually see the fruit of his own laborious toil! Few passages in Holy Scripture are more pathetic than that which describes the old man Moses looking from Pisgah upon the Promised Land which he was not to enter. But it has its parallel every day in the history of the world. To labor and not to see the end of our labors, to sow and not to reap, is a law so common in the highest characters of history that none can be said to be altogether exempt from its operation. Some of may remember how this thought is applied by the poet Cowley to Francis Bacon, who

> "Did on the very border stand of the blessed
> promised land,
> And from the mountain-top of his exalted
> wit
> Saw it himself and showed us it.
> But life did never to one man allow
> Time to discover worlds and conquer too."

Still more is it true of the many reformers, martyrs, and missionaries—John Huss, William Tyndale, Francis Xavier, John Howard, and many more—who have died on the threshold of their reward in hope, not in possession. The reason why no thinking man regards such lives as wasted is because the work goes on in its results perhaps beyond the highest dreams of the worker himself. "Show Thy servants Thy work," says the Psalmist, "and their children Thy glory." Or, as John Wesley puts it, "God buries his workmen, but carries on their work." "*None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.*"

It is this sense of continuity which gives no small part of its dignity and force to human life. As a people advance in thoughtfulness and all that we call civilization, they constantly realize these facts the better. Primitive and savage tribes feel after such a truth and perhaps grope their way towards it. Do you remember the story which Bede, our English chronicler, tells us about the birthtime of Christianity in northern England? Paulinus, the Missionary Bishop, has gone in and out for a year among the forests and moors of Northumbria, and at last the heathen King Edwin calls a council of his chieftains to learn what they think about the new messenger and his message. Among the chieftains is one old man who answers the King's question thus: "I will tell you, O King, what methinks man's life is like. Sometimes when your hall is lit up for a supper on a wild winter's evening, and warmed by a fire in the midst, a sparrow flies in by one door, takes shelter for a moment in the warmth, and then flies out again by another door, and is lost in the darkness. No one in the hall sees the bird before it enters, nor after it has gone forth; it is seen only while it hovers near the fire. Even so, I ween, is the brief span of our life in this world: what has gone before it, what will come after it, of this we know nothing. If the strange teacher can tell us, by all means let him be heard."

This sturdy chieftain's words, as describing the message of Christianity, the message of Christ, had a wider meaning than the speaker knew, and the rough people did listen and accept the message, and their children reaped rich fruit before half a century had gone. Different nations have expressed the thought in very different ways. We have all read of the old Greek torch-race. It seems to have had many forms and perhaps more than one meaning, but the most significant of its shapes was this: A band of youths from one tribe contended against a band of youths from another. The runners of each tribe were stationed at intervals along the course. A lighted torch was handed to the first runner, who was bidden to carry it at topmost speed to the next, while maintaining it still alight. He in his turn passed it on until the goal was reached, and the tribe was winner whose torch-bearers first reached the goal with the torch still brightly burning. It is in such a picture form that we gather the best sense of the word "tradition"—the handing on unspoiled the heritage of accumulated knowledge which has come to us from other hands. We can see it in the constitutional history of more than one land, in the records of architecture, perhaps of music, certainly of theology. Or see it again in a more commonplace aspect in our conventional social rules. Some of these may seem at times unmeaning, or rigid, or even harmful; but so far at least as they are rules meant to safeguard the purity of our homes, the innocence of our children, and the avoidance of slander and the like, we shall find, if we trace them to their source, that they have grown out of the long experience of men and women face to face with these temptations, who felt the need of a safeguard and have made one and handed it on. Those who have seen most of life and understand its troubles best will be the last, I think, to wish to see some of these rules set at naught. We all rebel against a truism or a commonplace, and forget that it has become so simply because it is a truth repeated till it is inwrought in human experience and needs repetition no more.

Now look at all this practically for ourselves. We, English-speaking men and women, set to live in the twentieth century—not in the first, or fourth, or sixteenth, or any other—hold a rich heritage, infinitely varied, and adapted for our daily use. It is not of our making; it has come to us as it is; our part is to pass it on, not merely unimpaired, but, if it may be, enhanced in value and in power. Look at two of its characteristics.

In our countries, on either side of the Atlantic, it is—as I at least deliberately believe, although I know that many would differ from me—a time of abundant thoughtfulness about sacred things. There is a wholesome unreadiness on our part to make our own without consideration the beliefs to which other men in former days have come. We desire to test and try the things before we hold or profess them; and this is well: there is much strength belonging to such days of testing and trying. People are afraid sometimes of the peril which comes from the very fact of unbelief even before it has touched themselves. It is said that in great prairie fires men have died at times from breathing the burning air long before the flames were really near them. And people dread a like disaster in the regions of our faith. But remember, if our creed be true, it is able, to say the very least, to stand whatever test can fairly be applied to it. We have no sort of right to be frightened because things dear to us are openly assailed. Think rather of the tree which grows the stronger for the testing gales, if so be that its roots have struck deep into the soil and that the soil is firm and true. I believe with all my heart that the Christian faith, as we hand it on to our children, will be a yet stronger, a nobler, and a manlier thing than the same faith was when we inherited as little children its priceless gift. God has trusted us with it, and he bids us hold it and transmit it, not merely safe but with gathered strength, to be used in joy and sorrow by the generations yet unborn.

And again, we are living in an age when human Sympathy has grown to be a more intelligent thing. We are learning, as it seems to me, to go back more and more, notwithstanding complexities and difficulties the like of which the world has never seen, to the methods of the first Christian days—nay, to the methods, we say it reverently, of our Lord and Master himself. How did Christ speak to human sorrows and human poverty and human sickness and despair? Not, as has been said, in the mere grandeur of kingship, King though he was, as from a throne of purple and gold; not roughly, like a policeman who bids misery clear the way; not patronizingly, like the hard sort of good people who have perhaps never been tempted in some directions themselves, and who, to quote the words of a great preacher, "drop down loving texts into the sinner's sore with such acidulated accents of severe virtue that the wound smarts and throbs afresh; not sentimentally, like—well, like the feeble folk who write sad stories for little children which harden the hearts they are intended to touch." Not thus, but by coming into personal touch with the distorted leper, or the proud Pharisee, or the despised publican; by holding out, not a mere gift, but a loving human hand, to the prodigal, and the sin-stained, and the broken-hearted.

What we have got to do is to find out what our inheritance is, to care for it to the very uttermost, and to hand it on the better and the nobler for our keeping, though we may not foresee into what hands it will go, or to what use they will learn to turn it. Those things we cannot tell. Look back a hundred years and consider how little our grandsires either in the United States or in England were able to foresee the particular needs and trials and perplexities of to-day. We are in like measure ignorant about those who will fill our places a generation or two hence; but we can take our inheritance in faith and in full assurance that the Lord who has helped us will help them too. "O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us what thou didst in their days and in the old time before them. O Lord, arise, help us and deliver us for thy name's sake." The responsibility that is laid upon is a weighty one, whether in great things of public life or in the smaller things of every day. The strength of our common life depends upon the strength, the purity, of our ordinary homes. Just in proportion as we can make our homes what they ought to be in intelligent, thoughtful faith, in quiet courage, in absolute purity of word and deed, just so are we fulfilling the trust now placed in our hands for the benefit of others whom we cannot see. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

One word more. We have spoken mainly of things which lie on the borderline between matters of religious belief or sacred loyalty to our Lord and Saviour and matters of ordinary kindliness and earnestness and good faith. But remember how intensely true the words are in connection with the most solemn calls of our holy faith and its observance.

It is when our faith in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is quietly expressed in daily action that it can and does bear fruit in and tell upon the faith and life of other men. The man who should definitely regulate his religious life and devotion with the thought mainly before him of how he will thus by example be influencing other people is, I think, approaching the whole question from a wrong side, and is in grave danger of doing positive harm first to himself and then to others. But it remains true that in this, as in other matters, "No man liveth to himself," and that the attitude he visibly and habitually takes in religious matters must, whether he wishes it or not, tell, for good or ill, upon those about him. How infinitely that enhances the importance of what every one of us believes and does!

And as with our individual lives, so, too, with the corporate life and words and acts of the Church or of any branch of it. To some of us an object-lesson makes the thought strike in with special pungency to-day. Nearly four hundred years have passed since certain English Churchmen, wise, learned, earnest, and eminently devout, set themselves to compile from earlier sources—which they purified and enriched as they handled them—the English Prayer Book, substantially as we have been using it this morning. No man liveth to himself, and no generation or society of men. What would those compilers have said if some seer had foretold that their prayerful handiwork was to form the basis, and more than the basis, of a Prayer Book which sbould, in its great features, outlast the shocks of change and chance, and which should be gratefully used by the Churchmen of a mighty nation then unborn, peopling a mysterious continent thousands of miles away?

And you, who, with all the fruits of men's long experience to help you, and with all the holy enthusiasm and large freedom of a younger nation, have in these latter days worthily enriched that Prayer Book afresh, can you now even dream whereunto it all may grow? and how by your work our children's children may better and more reverently use and understand and prize the holy sacraments of our souls' health, and the daily prayers in which our best and highest aspirations find ennobling utterance. It is but an object-lesson, but it is a notable and a sobering and an inspiring object-lesson of what is eternally true, that "God fulfills himself in many ways," and that "none of us liveth to himself." Suffer these words, I pray you, from one to whom his first Sunday in your great country is a moving and a stimulating occasion brimful of suggestiveness and hope, and accept at his hands a grateful blessing and a brotherly Godspeed.

The Humming-Bird

By William Croswell Doane

Bishop of Albany

A little humming-bird fell in the church at Northeast Harbor on Sunday morning during service. He was taken up and laid in a flower-bed, but died within an hour. The facts of this verse are literally true.

He fell with folded wings; but beak and eye
Both open; and a little plaintive cry
Of a hurt thing, perhaps afraid to die.

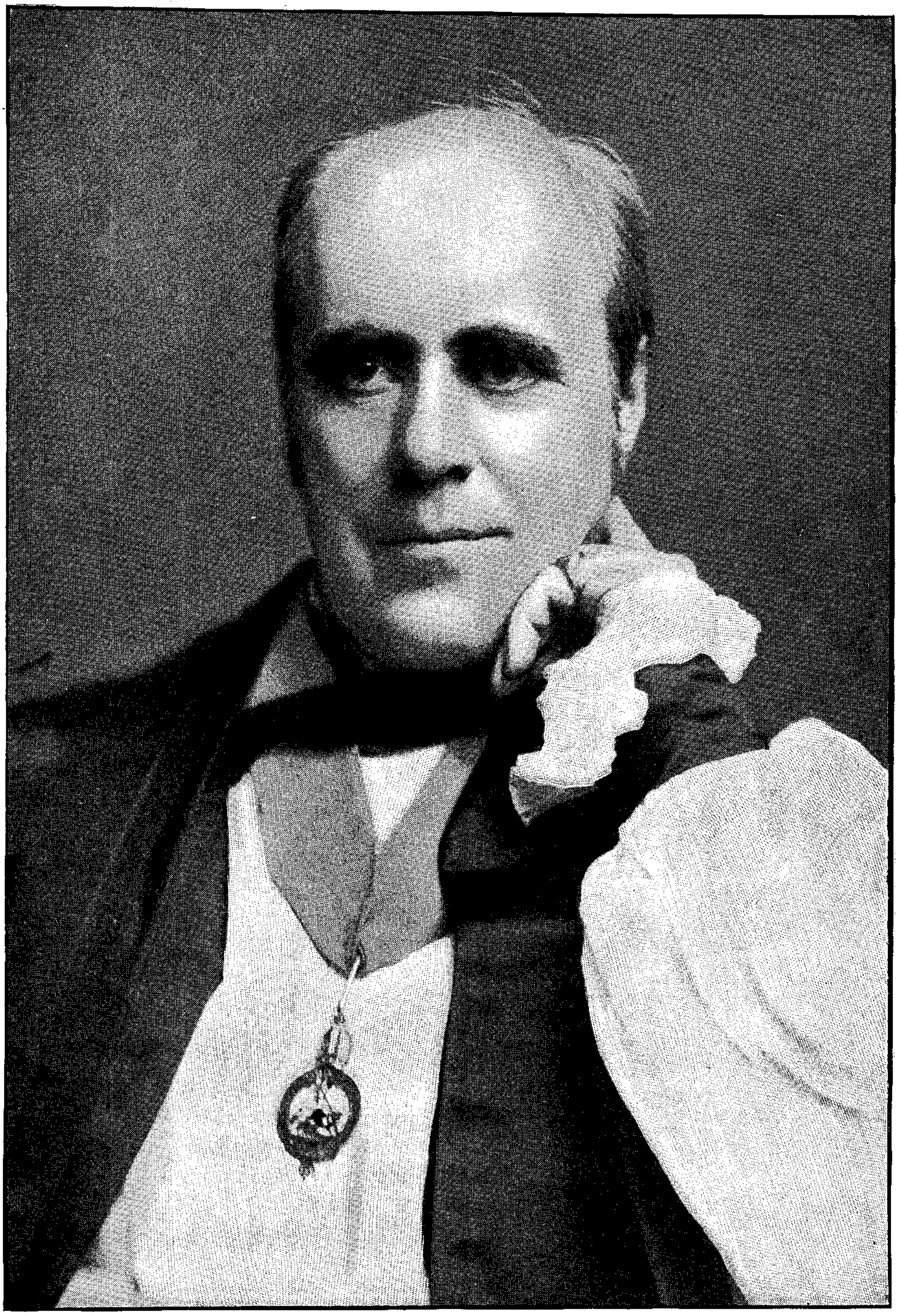
I took him tenderly from where he fell,
And laid him where the flowers he loved so well
Might hearten him, and break the fatal spell.

But when I went to him, he lay quite still,
Close-sealed the eyes, and tightly shut the bill,
But both the wings stretched wide to fly at will.

And this I thought must mean, dear little bird,
That you a call to fairer flowers had heard,
And flown, like some sweet spirit, at the word;

Careless to see or sip the sweetest things
This flowering earth to sight and tasting brings,
But for the far flight having trained your wings.

So it were meet for all of us to die,
Earth all shut out from the fast-closing eye,
And the soul winged with faith, to Christ to fly.

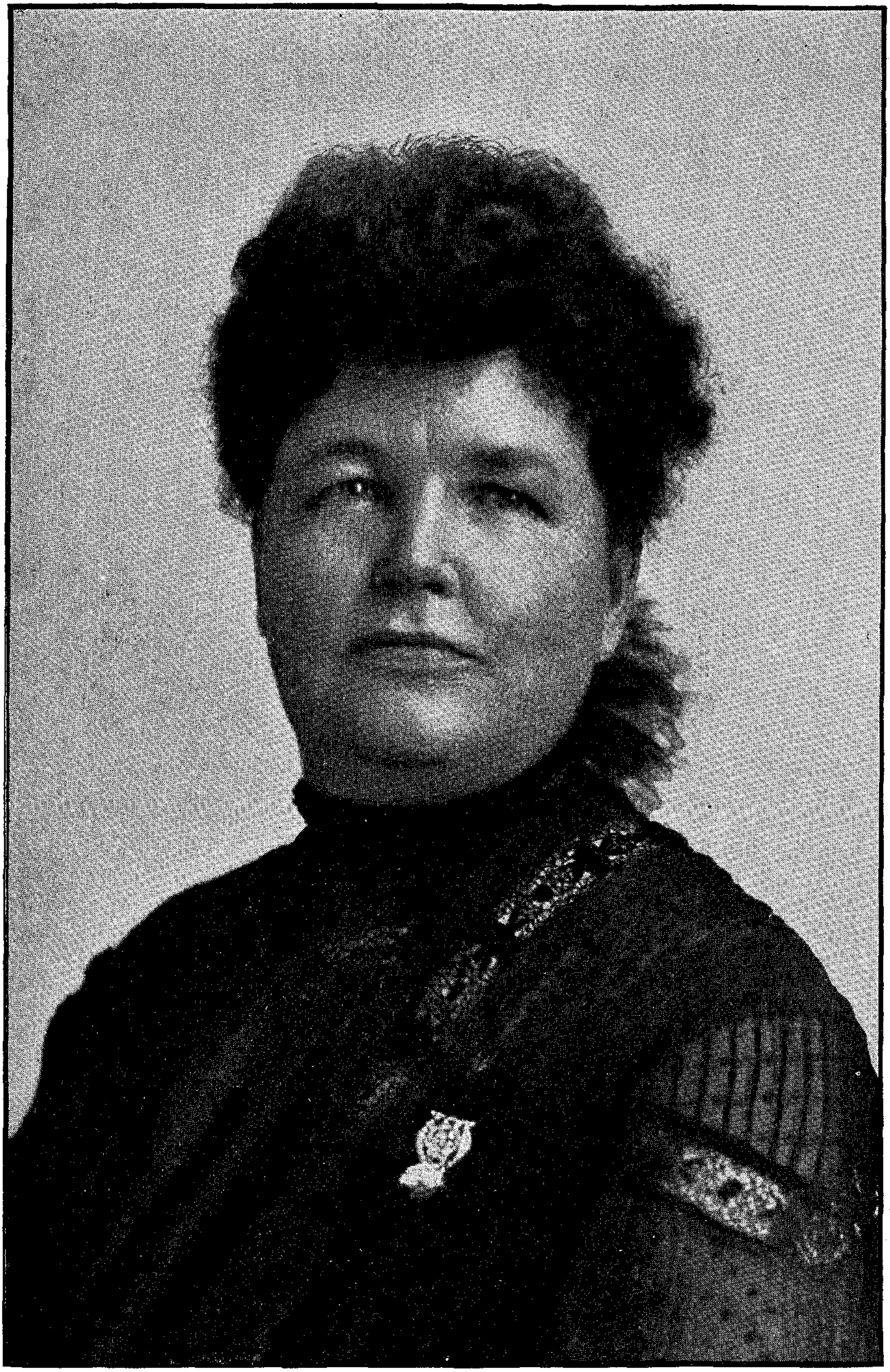


PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL SONS

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

The Rt. Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson

The presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the United States has imparted a very special interest to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which is being held in Boston this week. Dr. Davidson will attend this Conference as a guest. He has been Archbishop of Canterbury since January 8, 1903.



PHOTOGRAPH BY STRAUSS, ST. LOUIS

MRS. SARAH S. PLATT DECKER

The President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs

By Dimies T. S. Denison

IT is not the law alone that is a jealous mistress. Whoever assumes the responsibility of an office that necessitates a supervision of almost every quarter of the globe, including the isles of the sea, must expect only a bowing acquaintance with leisure and a more or less complete alienation from the frivolities of recreation, while, notwithstanding many pleasing experiences, the variety of perplexities suggests those of the small animal in Orchardland whose life was a series of happy escapes and triumphant shivers.

Even the old recipe of thriving by the plow gave a choice of holding or driving, but the President of the vast organization known as the General Federation of Women's Clubs must often do both.

Knowing alike the exacting duties of the office and its charms, it is small wonder that the new President, Mrs. Sarah S. Platt Decker, of Denver, Colorado, has been an elusive candidate for six years.

At the biennial Convention held at Denver in 1898, Mrs. Decker, then President of the Denver Woman's Club, planned so ably for the success of the Convention, was so charming a hostess and magnetic a speaker, that the Convention was at her feet, and the demand for her candidacy as President of the General Federation was almost unanimous. But no argument could overcome her sense of courtesy due the guests of Denver, and she steadfastly declined the honor of first place, but was made Vice-President. At Milwaukee in 1900, when the President declined a second term, Mrs. Decker was again urged to accept a nomination, but as steadfastly refused. At Los Angeles in 1902 her friends brought her name forward again, and were met by the same refusal to allow its use. Fortunately, the magic three times have been exhausted, and the fourth candidacy has given the General Federation the long-desired President, a woman of strong character, of executive ability, an eloquent speaker, with a pat story always at command, one who has been for years identified with the public charities of her State, and, above all, the club enthusiast who has made the Woman's Club of Denver one of the largest and most useful clubs in the world. She brings to her work as President of the General Federation an invaluable experience in club and State federation work, contagious enthusiasm, and a fund of practical ideas. Born in New England and transplanted to Colorado, the conservatism of Massachusetts tempers the seething energy of the West. As Vice-President Mrs. Decker was a loyal and useful aid in furthering the interests of the General Federation, and she comes to the presidency with a knowledge of its affairs born of experience from having been one of the Board of Directors. The development of the club is along practical lines, and the domain of the practical is peculiarly hers.

In 1898 she was appointed a member of the Colorado Board of Charities and Correction, which has general supervision over all penal and reformatory institutions of the State, and she still holds the position of Chairman of the Board. Through these interests she has recently been appointed a member of the National Child Labor Committee, which brings her in close relation to the special work of the General Federation since the Convention of 1902.

With a broad grasp of affairs, above prejudices, she has, with the many qualities of a leader, those which inspire great personal attachment, and that of discovering and bringing out undeveloped gifts, imbuing the sluggish with her own vigor and energy.

She is the type of woman that would

naturally be a woman suffragist in a State where the ballot is given to women, and this fact seemed the only fly in the amber of her candidacy, for the average club woman is indifferent to the privilege of voting except in her own organizations. But though Mrs. Decker has reasons for her faith, she has neither desire nor inclination to proselyte. Her discretion is too wide, her knowledge of human nature too great, and she is too richly endowed with amiability to antagonize by changing in marked degree the policy of the organization or disturbing its conservatism.

Because she has been so long sought, no President has ever come to the office from whom so much was expected. But the expectation is an unquestioning trust of more than a quarter of a million club women in her intent, the largeness of her purpose, and ability to prove, by the success of her administration, the wisdom of their choice.

The Ex-President of the Federation

By Clara B. Burdette

WITH a figure graceful as some tall tree, but with too much activity to be willowy, a face marked with the purity of the daisy and the sweetness of the violet, with eyes of the sky whose blue has been veiled with a film of shade, and a touch of frost in the hair that has intruded on the browns of autumn, Mrs. Denison stands before you a flower of natural womanhood, with graciousness born of a loving human soul.

With Mayflower blood in her veins, blood that fought at Bunker Hill, commanded vessels in the Revolution, built cities, preached the Gospel and healed the sick, it is little wonder that Mrs. Denison has been active in the broadest sense for the world's good.

Dutch and English grandfathers for homemaking and persistency, a French grandmother for graciousness and versatility, have produced in this generation one who knows how "to keep house" without making that the limit of life; who has served with untiring faithfulness and honor in the highest official positions in woman's organizations without forgetting the closer duties of wife and daughter. As she is given to saying of herself, "I can make a bad poem or a good pudding with equal facility, and assure you that the latter is the most satisfying to a starving sinner." In this day of "the larger sphere" and "the new woman" it is a most reassuring example to find one standing among the leaders who puts "puddings" and "poems" on the same high plane of activity, to be wrought out with equal capabilities.

She is best known and best beloved to-day as a club-woman. In all her connection with club life the red corpuscles of her forebears have never permitted her to be merely an "absorber." She has always been "the choice of the people" from the five highest offices in turn of Sorosis of New York, whose President she was for four years, to the presidency of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, an organization whose formative meetings felt the touch of her presence.

In all official positions she has been loyal and self-sacrificing, never sparing her own strength, time, or bodily comfort for the slightest detail. Her graciousness and dignity are noted by all, but her tact and diplomacy and quick thought are best appreciated by those who have been her co-workers. When she accepted the presidency of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, she did so at the insistent wish of women whose sense of justice and appreciation desired to see her fidelity in service and duty, her loyalty to another's administration, crowned with the honor of recognized leadership in the most democratic organization of women only in the world. And we felt our trust had not been misplaced when, with unstinted pride, we witnessed the brilliant climax of the official term, when, in presenting the Memorial Tablet given

MRS. DIMIES T. S. DENISON

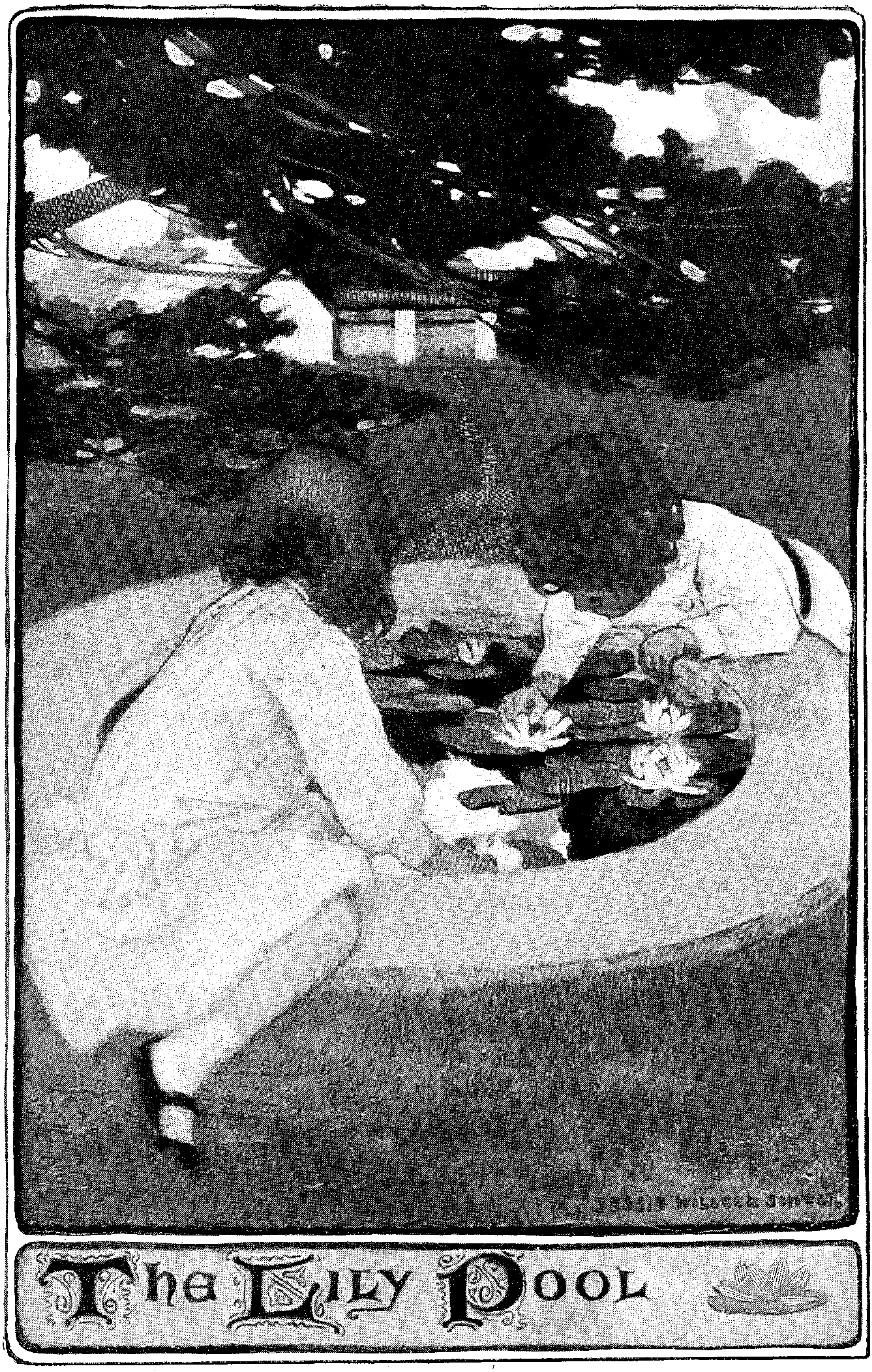
by the General Federation to the city of St. Louis, her voice was the first to be heard from the platform of Festival Hall at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and, in President Francis's own words, "to christen this magnificent building, the crowning glory of the Exposition." Here in voice and manner she not only excelled herself, but gave to that representative, continent-wide audience beautiful and lofty thoughts clothed in word and expression which gave evidence of distinguished literary talent joined with true nobility of soul.

In one of her self-styled "frivolous moods" she said to a friend, "I would rather have a nice dog than a cycle of Cathay, having never seen Cathay. Likewise I adore horses, the only drawback being that they cannot sit on the seat with me and draw me at the same time. I have petted everything from a tadpole to a horned toad, and would die happy if I could have a baby elephant. I fed the mice under the woodhouse floor all winter two years ago, and they repaid me by committing suicide in the milk bowl." Truly this lover of animal nature could not do other than yearn for the best care of every human, and it was most natural that she should become a member of the Board of the New York Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants.

Mrs. Denison does not "affect simplicity," but the dominant purposes of her life are simple in the highest and truest sense. She does not "affect" to be religious, but the thought of the spiritual runs through all her written expressions and work, and, all unconsciously to the women whose lives she has influenced, she has given to their unrecognized hunger for "that which satisfies" glimpses of that spiritual source.

As in her President's address she quoted to us, "Measure not the work until the day is out, then bring your gauges," so it will be only when the "day is done" that we may know of "the fullness of life" as she lives it, but we may say of her now—

"World-wide champion of truth and right,
Hope in gloom, and in danger aid,
Tender and faithful, ruddy and white,
This woman was made."


JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH
The Lily Pool

FROM "SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE." COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith

Women Illustrators of Child Life

BY

ELIZABETH LORE NORTH

IT is an interesting study to trace the development of taste and the improvement and perfecting of methods in books intended for little folks during the past century. In the days of our grandfathers a single illustrated book was handed down through an entire family, and often that treasure was the well-known New England Primer, or a copy of quaint Goody-Two-Shoes. This fact accounts for the scarcity of first editions in good condition among this class of books. Too many eager little fingers turned the pages to keep them whole, in spite of oft-repeated words of warning.

A hundred years ago little masters and misses were provided by the kindness of Mrs. Elizabeth Turner with tiny books of "Cautionary Stories in Verse" under the engaging titles of "The Daisy" and "The Cowslip." These much-admired works were followed by others with flowery names; "most covetable little books," we are assured. Small maidens were fascinated and warned by the tale of "Giddy Miss Helen," who was drowned in a well whither she was forbidden to go! Small boys learned to spell because of the example of the good scholar Joseph West, and were urged to mend their manners and curb their wayward impulses by the sad history of "Naughty Sam"—

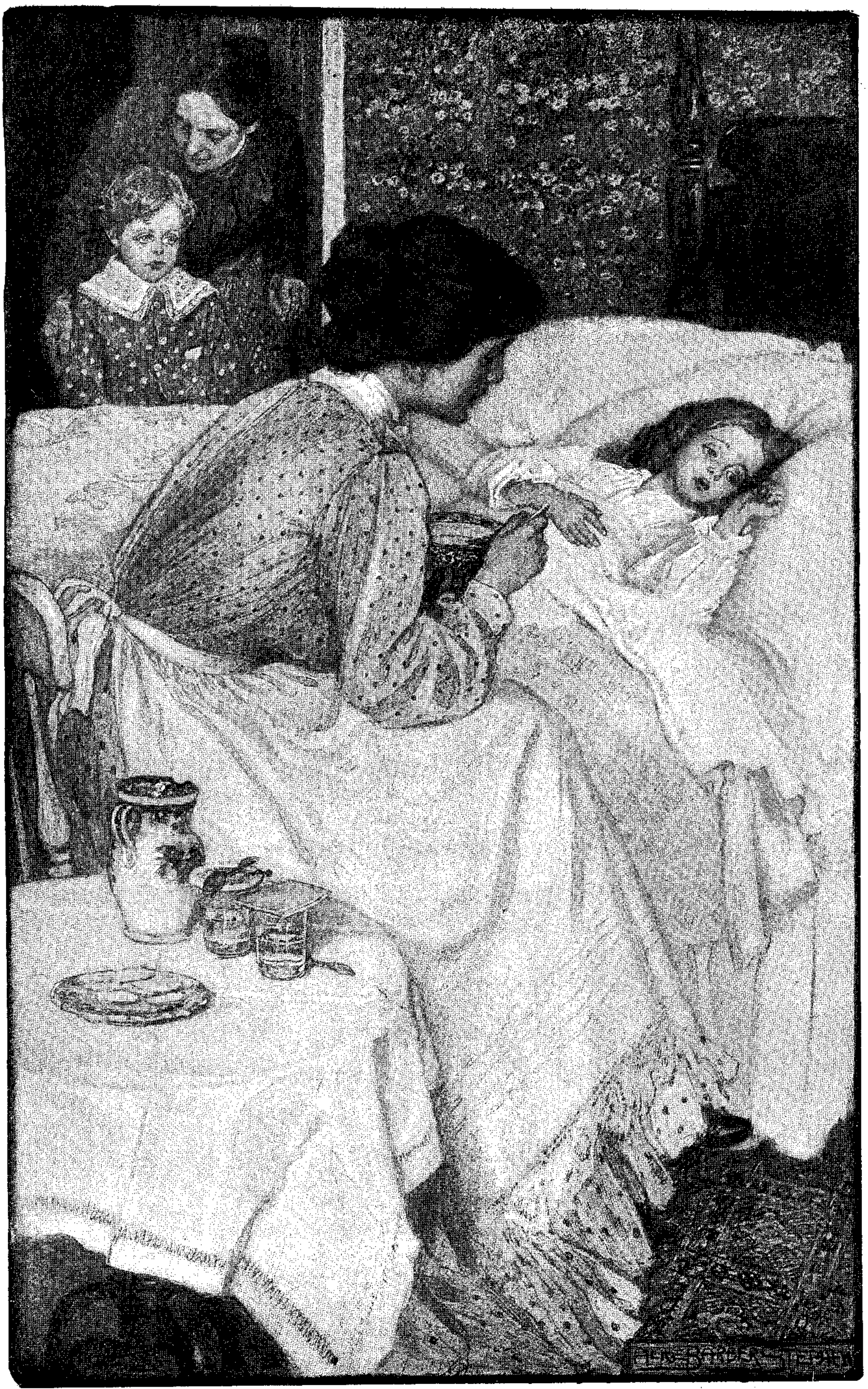
"Who beat his younger brother Bill,
And threw him in the dirt;
And when his poor mamma was ill,
He teased her for a squirt."

Evidently this reckless Sam was the direct ancestor of our friends the "Goops."

The first edition of these little books had covers of Dutch gilt paper, or of paper daubed with patches of gay color, laid on with a brush.

While the author proudly acknowledged her verses, the illustrator is unknown. Although in perfect accord with the text, the artist may have felt within himself a shrinking against fathering such queer little figures. Internal evidence sufficiently proves the artist to have been a man.

The demand for the books, however, obliged the publishers to substitute for the original copperplate engravings coarse woodcuts, which are now produced in the reprints, and serve to show from what the modern art of illustrating has grown. It is a long road from the smudgy, heavy lines outlining expressionless little girls in pinafores and pantalets, and lads in long trousers and flat caps, to the round, deliciously human figures of children in such books as we regard "adapted to the ideas of children" in our day; a long road with a pleasant ending. When book illustrating meant the combined genius and skill of the artist and the wood-engraver, and every picture after being drawn upon the block had to be repeated line for line by the burin, it was a laborious and delicate task. Then came the photograph directly upon the block or plate, and there arose a company of artist engravers, of higher grade than the skilled artisans who had used the tool and followed the clear line exactly. With the camera and the so-called process method the door has


ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

FROM "HARPER'S MAGAZINE." COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY HARPER & BROTHERS

THEY TOOK YOU AS FAR AS THE BEDROOM DOOR TO SEE HER

Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

opened still wider to all artists. Any and every picture, large or small, in oil, wash drawing, pen and ink, or crayon, may be reproduced by the simple expedient of combined photography and the mechanical use of acids. Thus we understand one reason why a picture book is no longer a novelty, however great a treasure it may be.

The illustrative work done by women in America, in recent years, is noticeable for its brilliant effect and sympathetic touch. Especially is this true among those artists who devote their talents, more or less, to the portrayal of child life.

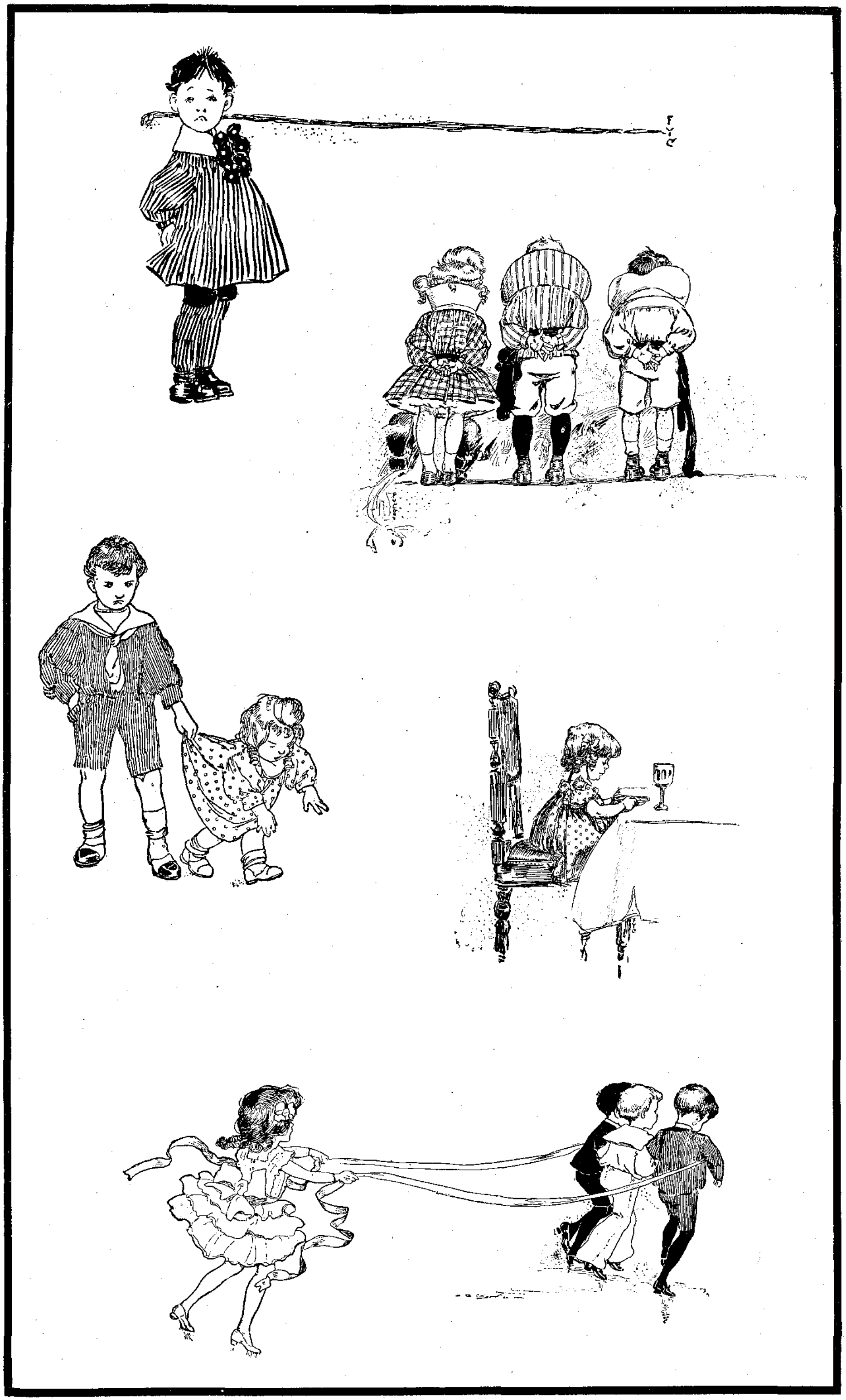
A group of women have studied in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, and have received their early training and inspiration from the ideals set before them there, going out into the world to pursue their art along their especial individual lines. Among these are prominent Alice Barber Stephens, Jessie Willcox Smith, Elizabeth Shippen Green, Florence Scovel Shinn, and Sarah S. Stilwell—all well known as successful illustrators of childhood. Under other instruction and influences, Fanny Y. Cory and Maude and Genevieve Cowles have developed their talents and won appreciative recognition in this field.

While Alice Barber Stephens does not confine herself entirely to child portrayal, yet one immediately recalls her illustrations of Roy Rolfe Gilson's short stories, and the sweet, serious-faced little brother and sister are treasured memories. There is a peculiar tenderness in her conception of childhood, entirely free from prettiness or sentimentality. Mrs. Stephens's work appears almost without interruption in "Harper's Magazine." A bench full of country children in a recent number shows how completely the artist enters into the child mind and how charmingly she interprets it. Among this group of little people each face has a distinct individuality and all are true to life. Mrs. Stephens began her studies very young in the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, learning there to engrave on wood—an art in which she became proficient enough to work for the most critical publishers. After study in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts she began illustrating, and was very successful.

Although Mrs. Stephens has studied in Paris, she regards her development due to her Philadelphia instruction and experience in her own studio. In the beginning of her career she painted the portrait of a little child, three years old, putting into the picture all the force of her earnest, conscientious nature. When it was at last finished, she said to the child model, "Now, honey, you can get down and run about." The boy came and stood before his portrait and said, with childlike faith, "Little boy, can you speak?" Just this understanding of and truth to nature has continued and matured in the riper work done by Mrs. Stephens.

She married an artist, Charles Stephens, who has made a valuable and unique collection of American Indian costumes, weapons and curios of all kinds, and who devotes himself to representing Indian life in all its phases. Their home is in Philadelphia, each worker having a studio, and there, surrounded by friends and pupils and pressed by demands for her pictures, Mrs. Stephens broke away, not long ago, and fled to Europe for two years of complete rest. Returning refreshed, she found herself again a busy, eager worker in her field of art.

In Villa Nova, one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, there is a delightful retreat where three successful young women artists live. "The Red Rose" offers many attractions to even the ordinary lover of rural beauty. What it must be to the interpreters of beauty for others, as an inspiration and a rest, can be imagined. An old farm-house, at one time an inn, set beneath great trees, in a varied landscape carefully tended and developed along the lines of nature, guided by an educated and restrained art, and pervaded by the activities of successful work for the outside world, must possess a subtle atmosphere of its own. "The Red Rose" has been adapted to the needs of its present occupants, and large, simply furnished studios stand a little apart from the old house, about which are terraced lawns,



FROM "THE MADNESS OF PHILIP." COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY M'CLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.

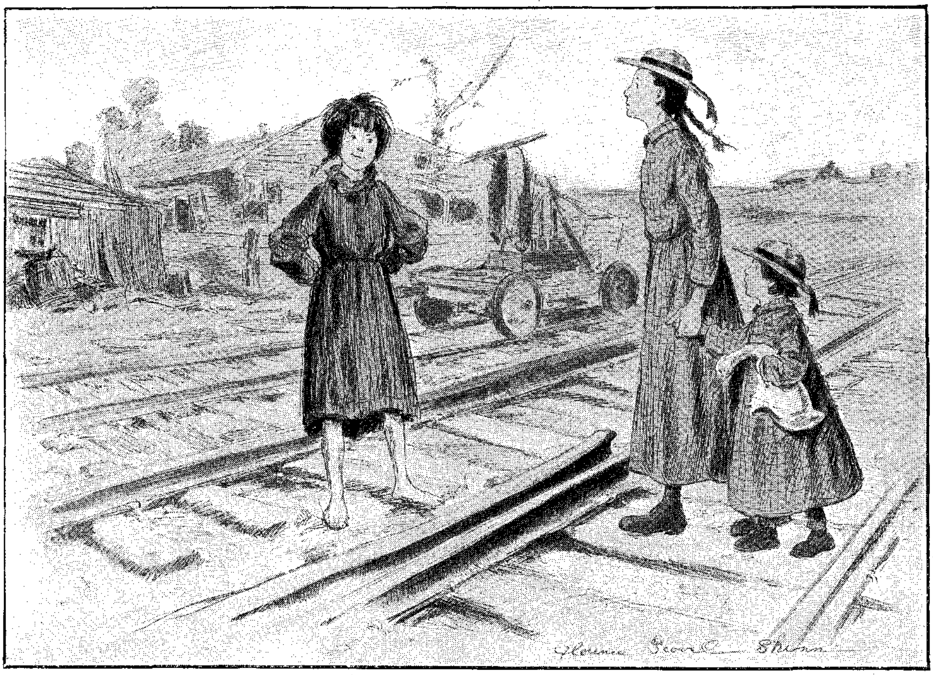
DRAWINGS BY F. Y. CORY

clipped hedges, a formal garden, and beautiful old trees. A pergola quite covered with vines invites a stroll. Near by is a small lake, and upon a hillside in the background flourishes a vineyard. The contrast is great between these beautiful surroundings and those of an ordinary, or, indeed, an extraordinary, city studio.

Here Jessie Willcox Smith and Elizabeth Shippen Green live, in company with Violet Oakley, whose talent has led her away from the especial limits set for this article. One rarely takes up one of our larger magazines without seeing some illustrations signed by one of these two artists.

Miss Smith, we are told, found her talent almost by chance. She chose to be a kindergarten teacher, and, loving children, taught them until her health began to suffer. There are others who have found it hard to play for hours with tiny and imperious playmates, whose heads reach but part way up to the teacher's willing hands. At any rate, Miss Smith discovered that she could draw children in another way, and we congratulate ourselves. Who does not smile with a sense of intimacy upon such dear children as may be found in the beautiful plates of Betty Sage's "Rhymes of Real Children"?

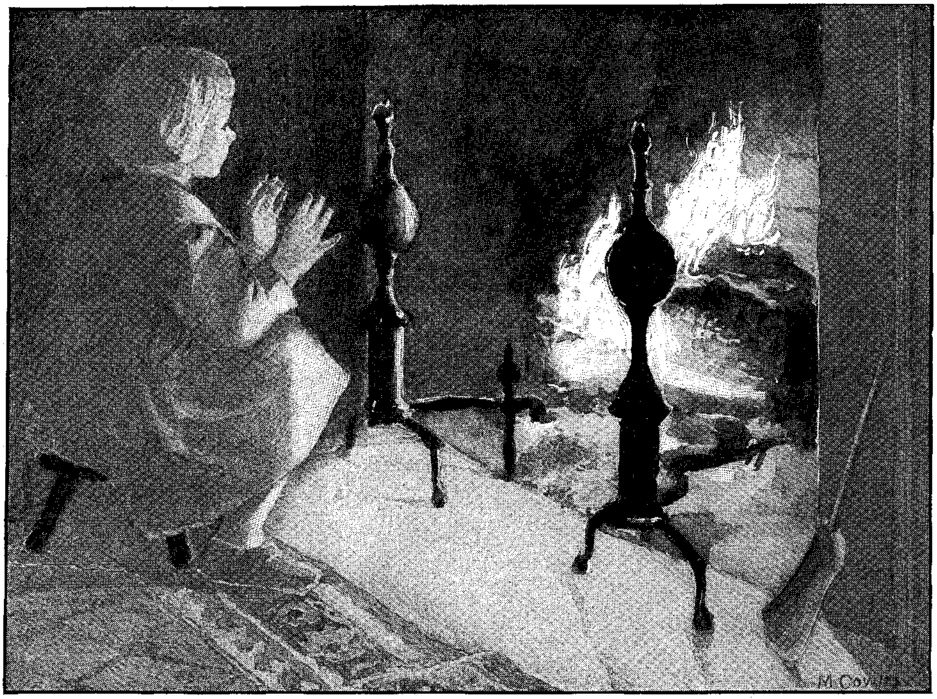
One often lingers before opening a magazine to enjoy the dreamy yet perfectly natural figure of childhood which Miss Smith has painted on the cover. She infuses into every-day subjects a subtle decorative effect which is admirably reproduced by the excellent color printing now brought to so great perfection in our magazines. Her work has an individuality always immediately recognized, and impresses one with the wholesome vitality of a young and enthusiastic artist.



FROM "LOVEY MARY." COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE CENTURY CO.

"'TAINT NO STREET!"
Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

Elizabeth Shippen Green studied at the Pennsylvania Academy, guided and encouraged from her childhood by her father, a lover of art, who, with her mother, lives also at the "Red Rose." Miss Green had, after some years of study in Philadelphia, six years abroad. Beginning, as many young artists have done, by illustrating for advertisements, she soon found a more congenial and



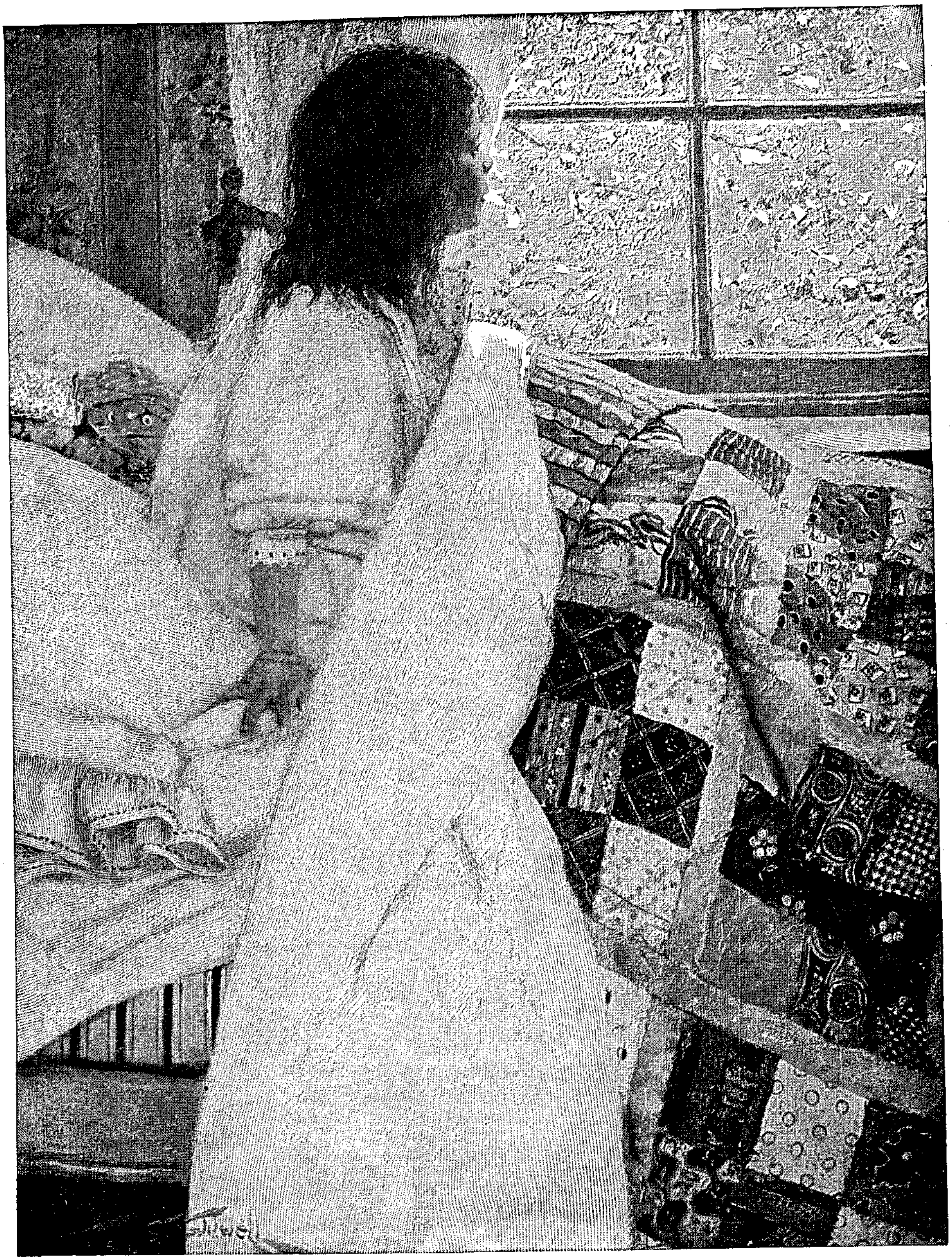
FROM "LITTLE FOLK LYRICS." COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

GHOST FAIRIES
Drawn by Maude Cowles

far wider field, and drew pictures for children's poems and stories. She is constantly busy with the many demands that are the result of her success. She often puts a touch of fancy, of fairyland, in her illustrations, and in Carmen Sylva's "Fairy Tales" her love of the dainty mysteries of elves and fays has free expression. Her work appears in "Harper's" especially, but is not confined to the issues from that press.

Florence Scovel Shinn's name always brings a smile of anticipation or amusing reminiscence to any one who knows the sort of children that appeal to her imagination. Her keen sense of humor crops out in every group, and the turn of a line gives a comical effect. It is said that in her student days she was hampered by the rigid rules of art during study hours, but reveled in her originality betweentimes. Finally, she was told to draw what she chose; and we are the gainers for that permission. Mrs. Wiggs and Lovey Mary might have been considered finished characters when they left the hand of Mrs. Rice; but who would have missed seeing their actual portraits, and being able to recognize them, as we all do, because Mrs. Shinn understood them so perfectly? The peculiar gift that Mrs. Shinn is endowed with is that she can draw the most pitiful little figures, and yet infuse into the picture a happy, healthy atmosphere that impresses us with the worth and joy of living. Her drawings must be the expression of her personality to a marked degree. Indeed, it is said that when she was a little girl, the products of her "paint-box" were signed with her name in full, followed by "Original" in still plainer lettering. She has that sense of humor often denied to women, but really possessed by many of us. Her characters are never caricatures; they are appealing, and provoke the laughter that bears no malice.

Mrs. Shinn spends her summers in Plainfield, New Hampshire, amid beautiful surroundings in a country house designed by her artist husband, Everett Shinn, which they have named "Rocky Ribs," probably because of the picturesque ledges of granite that show themselves in the fields about them. The



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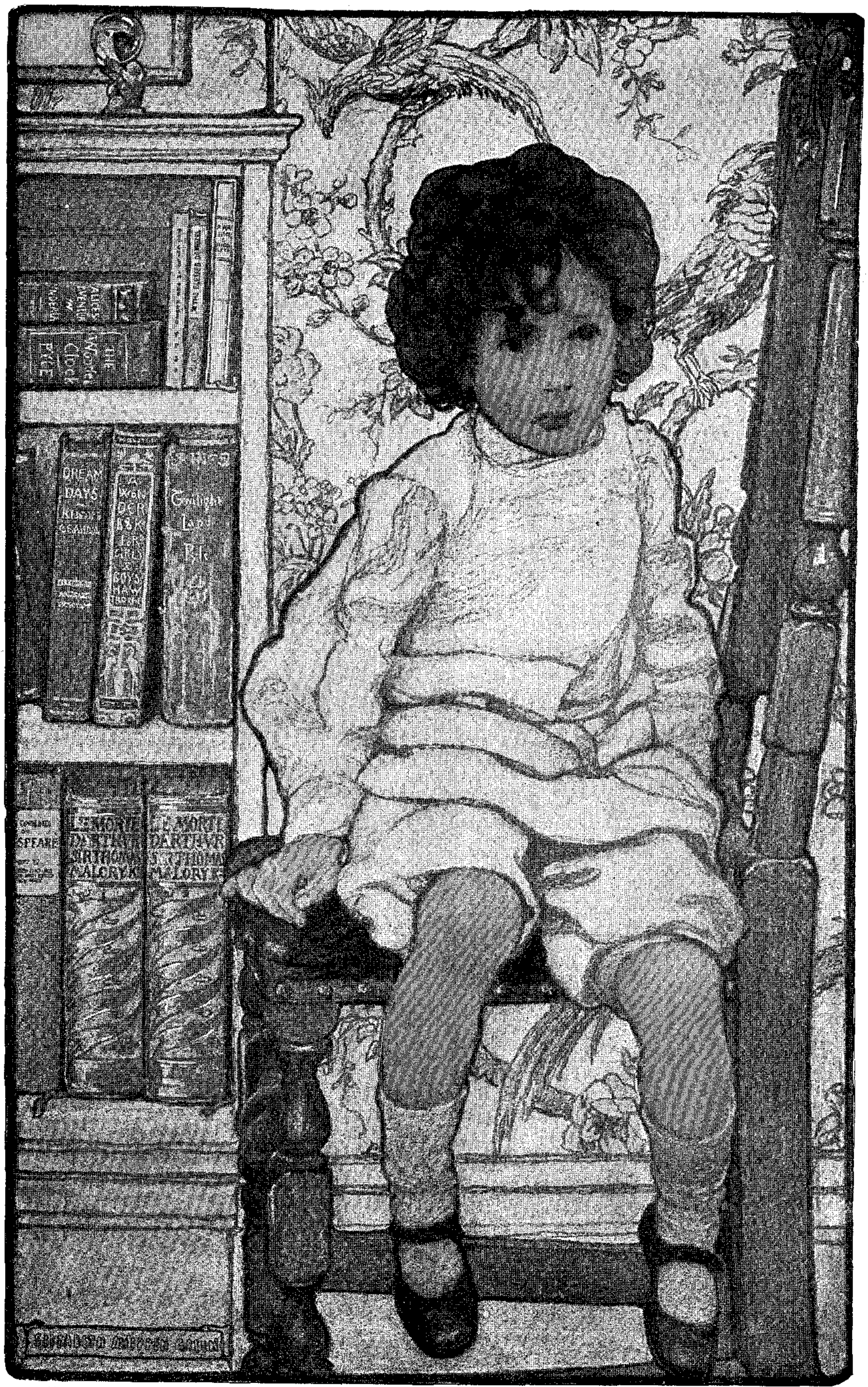
MORNING

Drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell

house is purely Colonial, with spacious halls and wide rooms, filled with many bits of rare old furniture, a delight to the eye, and doubtless ministering to the pride of life. In winter Mr. and Mrs. Shinn live in New York, where they have studios.

Miss Sarah S. Stilwell is known as the delineator of fully clothed little girls, as, for instance, the pair investigating the lion's den in the back of a recent "Harper's." She also was a student in the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, and owes, as do all the younger artists of


The Wonder Clock Pyle
Dream Days Kenneth Grahame
A Wonder Book for Girls & Boys Hawthorne
Twilight Land Pyle
Le Morte Darthur Sir Thomas Malory
Le Morte Darthur Sir Thomas Malory
Elizabeth Shippen Green

FROM "HARPER'S MAGAZINE." COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY HARPER & BROTHERS

THE MYSTIC

Drawing by Elizabeth Shippen Green

this group, much to the instruction of Mr. Howard Pyle. Her pictures appear frequently in the leading magazines. She has illustrated a new edition of Mrs. Dodge's "Rhymes and Jingles," which shows her characteristic style.

Miss Stilwell rarely uses any other medium than oil in her work; occasionally pen and ink, but usually oils. Her child faces show all the bland unconsciousness of the real little boy or girl, and the figures are invariably decorative in management. She has spent the past summer in travel in Nova Scotia. Her work is done in her Philadelphia studio. The old Quaker City has honored herself as a liberal patron and teacher of art, and is honored by her daughters.

The merry, mischievous figures that crowd from the pencil of Fanny Y. Cory have been familiar to her imagination from her childhood. She was always trying to draw pictures "out of her head," and many fairies and cupids, strange and bloated-looking, she says, covered her slate. She had the child's love of beauty, and on paper she could represent her own little cropped head as flowing with curls. She gave up praying to be a yellow-haired princess. "God must have been too busy with other things," she thought, and so let her imagination be her comfort. While still in her teens—she is not far away from them now—she had a few lessons in New York. The good "St. Nicholas" bought something from her then, but his offer seemed so generous the young artist insisted upon taking two dollars less! Her half-funny, half-pathetic child figures are familiar to every reader of Josephine Daskam's stories. Rebellious small boys who despise both kindergartens and dancing-schools appeal to her quick sympathies. She uses her sense of humor with less self-consciousness than do many women who may be equally endowed. With an odd turn, she indicates by a line the inimitably droll expression of a consciously naughty baby caught in some premeditated bit of mischief. The young artist, now Mrs. Cooney, lives in Montana, and, having been born in Illinois, has always lived in the West. Her home in Canyon Ferry is "just a little yellow and white dot" on the shores of a big open lake. With mountains all around, a big grove of cottonwoods not far away, but too far to shade the dot, there is nothing to stop the wandering eye (but the woodpile in the rear) until it reaches the everlasting hills. Just now the season of wild duck is beginning, and as their principal highway is directly in front of her door, Mrs. Cooney has no lack of company. An old blue crane, and by way of variety an occasional fish-hawk, add to her circle of society. She finds it embarrassing to ask strange little children to sit for her as models—it seems so beneath their dignity, she says—and with her friends she never has time to draw—she is always so busy playing.

Being six miles away from the route of the daily stage, "the dot" troubles itself but little with the affairs of the outside world. Happy isolation is it when mail twice a week is all one has to receive.

The Misses Maude and Genevieve Cowles have always lived in an atmosphere favorable to the cultivation of their naturally artistic tastes. The twin daughters of an old colonial home in Farmington, Connecticut, they spent their childhood in a wonderful old house, with a great hall open from the top to the bottom, the stairs turning past landings where were deep-seated arched windows most enchanting for childhood games.

Before they were seven years old, after a stay in the South, where they began to realize color as well as form, they longed to begin their career as artists. Feeling that their lives were really being wasted at the mature age of seven, they were allowed to take drawing lessons, studying at Miss Porter's school, and drawing continually at home. A little later they were taken to Europe, and in Florence, Giotto, Fra Angelico, and Botticelli impressed their imaginations deeply; they still feel that, although they have studied in art schools since, there they found their truest masters, who will never be forgotten. Their first important series of children were drawn for "Scribner's Magazine." A summer with restless young models was passed, and the liveliness of the little ones was most disconcerting. The Queen of the May Festival had to be held by the heel by one sister, while the other drew. A group of little Jewish children were the models for the illustrations in "Little Folk Lyrics." When, some years later, the artist resorted to the same place for child subjects, she was, to her astonishment, greeted as a kidnapper and followed all the way home by a mob of children! Although these artists make all their studies from life, they go beyond and beneath the mere physical outline, and interpret the sweet unconsciousness of childhood in all its purity. The labor necessary in making illustrative sketches prepares for other work in art, in which the Misses Cowles have succeeded.

The prompt recognition given to each one of this group of artists, both by the public and by critics trained in art, augurs well for a continuance of superior attainment. Several desirable prizes, won in competition, have been awarded to them here, and their work has had a most honorable reception abroad, in Paris especially, where they have studied.

Apart from the admirable art displayed, however, the vigorous young life, the especial womanly tenderness, and the depth of comprehension shown by every one, is met by a warm response in us all, to whom their gift of expression is denied, yet who keenly appreciate the endowment of genius which is used so freely to make our apprehension of beauty broader.

Aroma

By Annie C. Muirhead

As one who takes old letters from a drawer,
That tell of long-gone-by unhappy things,
And turns the yellow packet o'er and o'er,
Afraid to wake anew dead sufferings;
Till a faint fragrance that around them clings
Steals on the sense, and the loth mind reprieves
With hint of gladder memories it brings,
And half consoles the brooding heart that grieves—
The fragrance of a flower pressed between the leaves:

So do I con that portion of my years
When fate was cruelest, and hope was gray,
And dull defeat encouraged dismal fears,
And fresh disaster came with every day,
Till I was well-nigh worsted in the fray!—
Why not content me with this brighter morrow?
Better my troubled soul should turn away,
Nor view that past where it was racked with sorrow:—
Yet still sweet haunting reveries my moments borrow.

For when I ponder those black-bordered days,
Your name falls ever in with welcome chime:
'Twas then you came with your quaint-hearted ways,
To soothe, like balsam from a sunnier clime,
And round my discord as with mellowing rhyme.
So I clasp close my rosemary and rue!
Not, if I could, would I blot out that time,
Nor, if I could, forget what once was true—
Lest I should lose the fragrance that enshrines it—You

Some Women Writers

By Jeannette L. Gilder

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND DRAWINGS

THOSE disgruntled ones who are always complaining that the "outs" can never become "ins" in the magazine world have only to consult the magazines from month to month to prove the falsity of their claim. I have said a good deal on this subject from time to time, but I doubt if the "outs" will ever be convinced that it is their fault and not the editors' that they are not among the "ins." There is nothing in the world that an editor wants more than to discover a new author. Every manuscript that comes into an editorial sanctum—they are always sanctums—is examined with the greatest care, and always with the hope that a new planet has sprung into the editor's ken.

These same disgruntled ones never stop to think that the "ins" were once "outs," and that if the editors were not looking out for new blood they would never have been "ins."

Take the list of writers of whom I am speaking in this article. A short time ago they were unknown to the reading public. To-day they are well known. The public wants to read what they write, and the editors for that reason want to publish it.

There is Mrs. John Van Vorst, for example. Mrs. Van Vorst was born in America, but spent the most important years of her life abroad—mostly in Paris. There she wrote occasional letters to the New York "Evening Post," and may have done other work that I know nothing about. She was then Bessie McGinnis. As Bessie McGinnis she brought a letter of introduction to me when she came to New York after her long residence abroad. Then art criticism was her specialty, and I accepted some articles from her for "The Critic." She wanted to go back to France, and, if possible, to become regularly connected with some New York paper as Paris correspondent. This she found it difficult to arrange, though the "Post" would continue to take occasional letters. However, she did go back, wrote her letters for the "Post," wrote magazine articles, and kept herself busy. But it was not until, in connection with her sister-in-law, Miss Marie Van Vorst, she wrote "The Woman Who Toils," that she made a name for herself in literature. President Roosevelt's letter of introduction to the book, of course, did much to attract attention to it. Since writing "The Woman Who Toils" Mrs. Van Vorst has written a novel on the same subject, called "The Issues of Life." Before writing "The Woman Who Toils" Mrs. Van Vorst and her sister-in-law wrote a very light and airy novel called "Bagsby's Daughter," which ran through "Harper's Bazar," and was later published by Messrs. Harper. It was not at all the sort of book that one would expect either from Mrs. Van Vorst or her sister-in-law, but it had its admirers. Mrs. Van Vorst is still living in Paris, which is really more her home than America. She speaks French like a native and English with a French accent.

Miss Ida Minerva Tarbell is to-day, perhaps, the most conspicuous among this group of young women writers. It is not so much that Miss Tarbell is a better writer than any of the others as because of the subjects that she writes about. She is a Joan of Arc among moderns, and her crusade is against trusts and monopolies. Her "History of the Standard Oil Company," which has appeared in "McClure's Magazine," has, perhaps, done as much as any other series to give that magazine a star circulation. But Miss Tarbell has not always been a crusader. Before she made the affairs of the Standard Oil Company her own, she wrote a "Short Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," which was published serially in "McClure's Magazine," and the "Life of Madame Roland," which, although published before she had made a name for herself, attracted a good deal of attention on account of the author's style. A year or two later she wrote an "Early Life of Abraham Lincoln," and a more exhaustive life of Lincoln four years after. Miss Tarbell may be said to have an intimate style. She does not deal in rounded periods, but goes straight for the story and tells her readers just about what they want to know. She does not thrust Miss Tarbell's opinion upon them, but gives them facts served up in a graphic and entertaining manner, and lets them make their own deductions.

Miss Tarbell was born in Erie County, Pennsylvania, in 1857, and graduated from the Titusville High School and Allegheny College. In 1883, when she was only twenty-six years of age, she became editor of "The Chautauquan," and held that position for eight years. Then she laid down the editorial blue pencil and went to Paris, where she became a student at the Sorbonne and the College of France. While in Paris Miss Tarbell wrote some articles which attracted the attention of Mr. S. S. McClure, and he at once marked her for his own. Since 1894 she has been one of the editors of "McClure's Magazine," and one of the most conspicuous contributors to that periodical. Miss Tarbell is an indefatigable worker; in fact, she works too hard, and has several times been obliged to stop short in her work and give her brain a rest. But she is so enthusiastic a writer that it is very hard to stop her when she once gets going. Mr. McClure is reported to have said that the two things of which he is the proudest are, first, that he was the founder of "McClure's Magazine;" second, that he was the discoverer of Miss Tarbell.

ELIZABETH ROBINS

One of the most sudden rises in the literary profession is that of Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Mrs. Rice, as Miss Hegan, wrote that story more by way of amusement than anything else. A friend read it and advised her to publish it. The friend had recently published a book through the Century Company, and he had a certain feeling of gratitude to that publishing house for having accepted and successfully published his novel, which had been turned down by other publishers. He took them the manuscript of "Mrs. Wiggs." This he placed in the hands of the reader who had reported favorably on his story, and asked for an early decision. Hardly had he left the office before the reader cut the strings of the manuscript and began to peruse its pages. He had not gone far when he rushed with it into the magazine department of the "Century" and told the editors that here was a "find," and that they would do well to publish some of its chapters in the magazine. They had only to read them to be convinced of their adaptability to magazine purposes.

When "Mrs. Wiggs" was published in book form, it did not at first attract any marked attention, though a few thousand copies were sold immediately; but as soon as these few thousand were read,

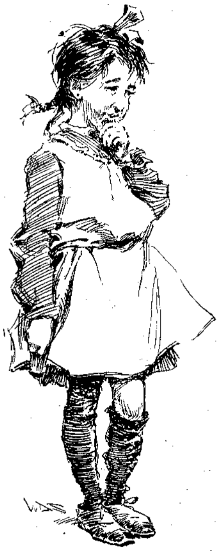
IDA TARBELL

their few thousand readers told their few thousand friends, and more thousands were called for. The sale jumped by the thousands every week, and I am told it is still one of the "big sellers." "Lovey Mary," which followed it, had a large sale, and again brought up the sale of "Mrs. Wiggs," so that the two books are now running side by side. These two stories have not proved Mrs. Rice to be so much of a literary woman as a shrewd observer of human nature, with the cleverness to put down what she sees so that others looking through her eyes see it with her. There have been other books as amusing as "Mrs. Wiggs" that have not attained anything like the popularity of that story. There is something about it—it is hard to say just what—that caught the public fancy. Perhaps it was Mrs. Wiggs's optimism, perhaps merely her funny sayings, perhaps anything but the love story. I doubt if Mrs. Rice has as high a regard for "Mrs. Wiggs" as have her readers. She would rather, I imagine, work along other lines. She has a new story ready for the press, and it will be interesting to see whether it will be in the old vein or a new one. The success of "Mrs. Wiggs" on the stage has been the most notable of the past season. It is now playing to crowded houses in New York.

Mrs. Rice was born in Shelbyville, Kentucky, in 1870. She was educated at Hampton College, Louisville, which city is now her home. Mrs. Rice's husband is Mr. Cale Young Rice, who is known to many readers as a poet of decided merit.

Miss Elizabeth Robins had already made a reputation as an actress before she was known as a novelist. She had played in this country with Edwin Booth, and in England she has long been known as the best interpreter of Ibsen's women on the stage. Miss Robins published three novels—"The Fatal Gift of Beauty," "George Mandeville's Husband," and "The New Moon," over the pen name of C. E. Raimond, and I doubt if any but her most intimate friends penetrated her anonymity. She was not known as a novelist until 1898, when "The Open Question" appeared. This powerful but in some respects unpleasant story made a sensation. Curiously enough, it was unlike anything that Miss Robins had written as C. E. Raimond. To my mind, the best part of the story is its characterization. The plot I do not care so much for, but the characters are exceptionally well drawn. Some of them, I should say, must have been sketched directly from the life. Miss Robins's latest novel, "The Magnetic North," is absolutely unlike "The Open Question." "The Magnetic North" is really a novel of adventure, with very little plot, but full of local color, and filled with portraits of men as she must have seen them at Cape Nome. In appearance, Miss Robins is extremely fragile. She would be the last woman you could possibly imagine roughing it in the Klondike. And yet she did rough it, though it nearly killed her, but she is apparently all the better for it now, and was never as strong and well as she is to-day.

MYRA KELLY



"EVA"
From "Little Citizens"
McClure, Phillips & Co.

Although Miss Robins has spent the last eight or ten years, if not longer, in England, making London her home, she is an American, born in Louisville, Kentucky, and educated at Zanesville, Ohio. She was married when she was quite young to George Richmond Parkes, an actor of some note, who died several years ago. I notice that in "Who's Who in America" the biographical note on Miss Robins is under the name of Parkes, but she is generally known by her maiden name, Elizabeth Robins, which she uses on her books and on the stage.

Miss Robins is a devoted admirer of

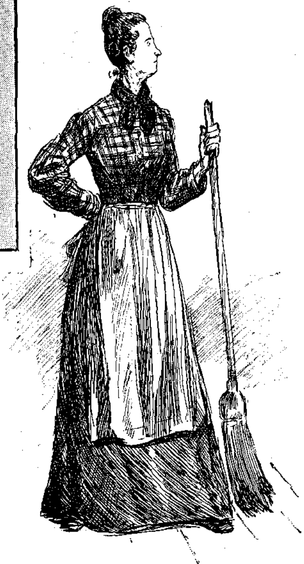
Ibsen's work and prefers playing his characters to any others. And yet she is in no sense a morbid woman. Indeed, she seems to have realized as much as any one I know the joy of living. The majority of women, when not talking for publication, will tell you that there is not much in life and it makes little difference to them when they leave it. Not so Miss Robins. I have heard her say that she would rather be a crossing sweep than not to live and breathe and be of this world which she thinks so beautiful.

ANNA WARNER

A woman humorist who may be said to run neck and neck with Mrs. Rice is Mrs. Charles Ellis French, of St. Paul, Minnesota, who writes over her maiden name, Anna Warner. Mrs. French is the creator of "Susan Clegg," whose conversations with her friend, "Mrs. Lathrop," have added much to the gayety of the "Century Magazine's" pages.

The number of women humorists who have come to the front lately gives the lie direct to those who say that women have no sense of humor. Anything more humorous than the "Susan Clegg" papers it would be hard to find. "Susan Clegg" is an original creation. She is not an optimist, as is "Mrs. Wiggs," but her sayings are just as funny.

Anna Warner is the author of two or three books which attracted attention, but not as wide attention as has "Susan Clegg." There seems to be a craze just now for humor. There is a deep-rooted belief in the theatrical profession that when times are bad people like to see funny plays. It may be the same in the book world. These are supposed to be more or less hard times, judging by Wall Street, so the demand for books that amuse has created a supply of humorists. And, strange to say, most of these humorous writers are women. Anna Warner is the maiden name of Mrs. Charles Ellis French, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and it is the one she has chosen for a pen name. Mrs. French was born and brought up in St. Paul, and though she never went to school she is exceptionally well educated. Her mother and private tutors were her teachers. She began writing when she was a small child, and at the age of nine wrote this little tale of woe which she called by the apt title, "Always Divide":

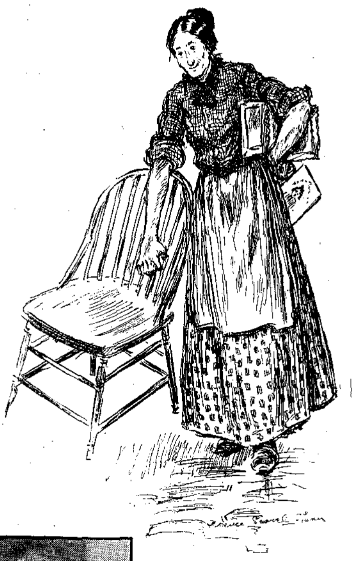


"SUSAN CLEGG"
From "Susan Clegg Stories"
The Century Company

A little chicken found a big fat nice worm, he ran in fast as he could to the chicken house for fear his brother would see him. His brother did see him. You are real mean. Mama said Always Divide. Now divide and I won't tell her. Just then the

Mama came up and said Give me the worm. There, she said as she ate the worm, don't let me hear any more of this.

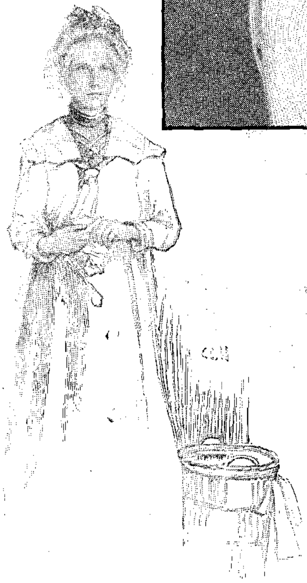
The suggestion in this little tale the author's mother considered very unflattering, which it certainly is. The first thing that Mrs. French published was a joke which she sent to "Life," in 1901. That was the first time that she had seen anything of hers in print. A year later she published a short story. The next year she wrote a novel, which she called "As Queens Are Wed," but which her publishers preferred to call "A Woman's Will." It was accepted by the first publishing firm to which it was sent. While she agreed to the change of name, she still prefers the one of her own choice. In June of 1903, "Susan Clegg" sprang full-armed out of a tea-table conversation, which shows how accidental success often is. Mrs. French now finds everything she writes in great demand. She loves work, and finds plenty of it to do.



"MRS. WIGGS"
From "Lovey Mary"
The Century Company

ALICE HEGAN RICE

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN



"EMMY LOU"

From "Emmy Lou"
McClure, Phillips & Co.

One of the most familiar names among magazine writers is that of Miss Myra Kelly, and yet it is seldom seen outside of "McClure's Magazine." Myra Kelly is the daughter of Dr. J. E. Kelly, a well-known New York surgeon, and was born in Ireland, but has lived in New York City the greater part of her life. She attended the schools of New York and took a course at Teachers' College in preparation for teaching. She began her work as a teacher on the East Side in School 147, on East Broadway. Here she remained two years, leaving finally on account of her health. Miss Kelly had no idea of writing while teaching, but the relating of her many humorous experiences in the Ghetto school prompted her friends to urge their preservation in print. Entirely unfamiliar with the practice of the literary profession, she sent out four copies of her first story to four different magazines. Two returned her story. The other two, "McClure's" and "The Century," accepted it. "McClure's" accepted it first, so got the story. Miss Kelly discovered that it was not the custom to submit the same story to two publications at the same time, her case being likened by one editor to that of "a young lady who accepts two offers of marriage on the same day." Since the appearance and success of her first story Miss Kelly has found a ready market for all of her stories, for the most part in "McClure's." Miss Kelly's work so far has been mostly the straight reporting of actual experiences. Her incidents and characters are nearly all actual or immediately suggested by the actual. She has presented these with the cleverness of her race in facile expression along with its keenly humorous point of view. Having given up teaching, Miss Kelly is seeking in literature a field for her activities. She is also gifted as a reader, and is considering propositions to read professionally next year.

Miss Kelly is the author of "Little Citizens," a book which will be brought out this fall. Her sister humorists, Mrs. George Madden Martin and Mrs. Cale Young Rice, have seen the advance sheets, and have written most enthusiastically about it.

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

"BINKS"
From "Memoirs of a Baby"
Harper & Bros.

No matter how many books she may write, George Madden Martin will always be known as the author of "Emmy Lou, Her Book and Heart." As are most of the writers mentioned in this paper, Mrs. Martin is a humorist. She is not all humorist, however. There is a good deal of real sentiment in her work. Because her first and best-known heroine is a child the public seems to have an impression that she is a writer of children's stories. On the contrary, even Emmy Lou is as great a favorite with grown folks as with children. Indeed, I imagine that it is the former who understand and appreciate her the most.

Like so many Southern children, Mrs. Martin was given a man's name at baptism. George is not a pen name, but is her own Christian name. She was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1866, and was educated at the public schools of that city. She was married in 1902, the year that "Emmy Lou" was published, to Attwood R. Martin, and went from Louisville to Anchorage, Kentucky, to live. A serial by Mrs. Martin, in quite another vein from "Emmy Lou," is now running in "McClure's Magazine."

One of the most industrious and effective workers among the new generation of women writers is Miss Elizabeth McCracken. It would be going far afield to call Miss McCracken a humorous writer; at the same time she has a keen sense of humor, which crops up even when she is discussing such serious things as tenement-house problems. Miss McCracken has lived and worked among the East Side tenements of New York, and her writings upon this vital topic have been among the most intelligent and sane that I have read.

At the present time Miss McCracken is publishing a series of papers on the women of America. For this purpose she traveled from one end of the country to the other, observing and noting down what she observes. These papers, so far as published, have attracted the attention of the general as well as the thoughtful reader. While the subject is an important and a serious one, Miss McCracken does not treat it with a heavy hand. She has an illuminating touch, as the readers of her contributions to the "Atlantic Monthly" and The Outlook can testify.

Miss McCracken was born in New Orleans in 1876. She began to write at the age of ten. Her father, who is an Episcopal clergyman, was "called" to Omaha, and there she was educated, graduating from Brownell Hall in 1894. Miss McCracken particularly likes to write about the stage, and about people who live in tenements, and about children.

ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

A writer who has done as much as any other to keep up the reputation of this country for humor is Mrs. Selden Bacon; in other words, Josephine Dodge Daskam. It is principally of children that Mrs. Bacon has written, and her latest book, "The Memoirs of a Baby," has been one of the most widely read and widely discussed books of its kind with which I have the pleasure of being acquainted.

Mrs. Bacon was born in Stamford, Connecticut, and graduated from Smith College. Her first book, a collection of "Smith College Stories," written, I believe, while she was an undergraduate, made her reputation. Before she left Smith, or while she was in her senior year, she published "Sister's Vocation and Other Stories." Her most successful book, until "The Memoirs of a Baby" appeared and broke the record, was "The Imp and the Angel." Mrs. Bacon is one of the youngest of young women writers, not being more than twenty-six years old.

Elisabeth, Queen of Roumania

By James Carleton Young

IT has been my privilege to know Queen Elisabeth of Roumania, widely known as Carmen Sylva, many years, during which period I have enjoyed a continued correspondence and passed many days at her palace in Bucharest.

Born Princess of Wied, December 29, 1843, in a famous castle on the Rhine, which had been the home of her ancestors for a thousand years, married to the Hohenzollern Prince Carlos in 1869, crowned first Queen of Roumania in 1881, she possesses, after all these years of active life, full intellectual vigor, and is one of the most incessant workers among the sovereigns of the world. Knowing well many persons who for years have been intimately connected with the court life of the Queen, I have yet to hear the first criticism of any act or to meet one who did not love her.

Elisabeth has given to the world the example of a pure Court where intellectual life abounds—where high thoughts are spoken and noble plans developed. Her Maids of Honor are women of exemplary lives, who visit the hospitals, look after the poor, and plan with the Queen during every hour of every day for the best interests of the Roumanian people. No one believes more firmly in the value of time than this industrious Queen. While the Royal Orchestra, which is excellent, and often led by her, plays afternoons in the magnificent music-hall, whose walls are lined with books, her Majesty writes poetry which during the interlude she recites to the accompaniment of the harp. At the same time the ladies, young and old, occupy themselves in embroidering and various tasks. I cannot enumerate, in the brief space allotted me, all the characteristics and accomplishments of this marvelous woman. Certainly her least title to greatness is the fact that she wears a crown.

Carmen Sylva is one of the first poets of the Balkans, and its most talented writer of fairy tales. Her first drama was produced at sixteen, and the tragedy of "Master Manole," written in 1892, was accorded the highest praise by the most eminent critics. Her operas have been successfully presented in Munich and other cities of Europe. In collaboration with the brilliant Mademoiselle Vacaresco, she wrought the Roumanian legends into "The Tales of the Dimbovitza," which for beauty of expression remains unrivaled among folk-lore tales. A bibliography of her writings would include over thirty books, besides hundreds of magazine articles. Her book of aphorisms, "The Thoughts of a Queen," was accorded a medal of honor by the French Academy. Such diversified literary talent, powerful in every phase, is rarely found.

Her work begins at four every morning, and often lasts until midnight. She embroiders exquisitely, paints miniatures on ivory, is a fine musician, having been a pupil of Rubinstein and Clara Schumann, a brilliant conversationalist, an accomplished linguist, speaking fluently six languages and understanding as many more. A poem written in native German is often read by her in English or French before an audience without previous preparation of translation. Founding schools, opera-houses, hospitals, and asylums, encouraging the peasant women to embroider and the men to cultivate the mulberry-tree, a liberal patron of the arts, an architect and adviser of a nation, Elisabeth has known no rest in her reign of twenty-four years.

Although the national religion is Greek, the Queen has been foremost in building a German Lutheran Church. By nature deeply religious, her devotion is shown in acts as much as by formal attendance at divine services. The walls and stained-glass windows of the church are covered with inscriptions all written by the royal hand.

All her revenues, except those required for necessities, even the large sums received from the work of her versatile pen, are devoted to charities.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. MANDY, BUCHAREST

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

The ideal charity carried on at this time is Segenhaus, the ancestral castle on the Rhine, which, with its magnificent forest, was inherited by the Queen from her mother, who died some two years since. This historic place has been refitted as a home for the weary, but only educated people, who have devoted their lives to good and meritorious work in art, literature, or philanthropy, are invited to its shelter.

Having reached the highest position which the ambitions of a woman could desire, Elisabeth shows no vainglory in being Queen. She continues to wear a crown only in an endeavor to consummate the plans for the advancement of her adopted country. No portion of Europe is richer in fertile soil and natural resources. This Queen would renounce her throne, live in a peasant's hut, attend the flocks among the Carpathians, if thereby she might bring happiness and prosperity to her people.

She lost heart when her only child, the Princess Marie, was borne to eternal rest in the beautiful park of Cotroceni. Her ardent poetic nature was centered in the lovely idol whose sweet presence she enjoyed for only four years, and she was crushed with unutterable grief, which has expressed itself in all her poetry and every subsequent action of life. But duty, love of humanity, loyalty to the King, whose genius, industry, and heroism she admires, incited her to the accomplishment of the manifold works which have enriched her life. She was at Plevna when the heroic Carlos led the armies of Russia and Roumania against Turkey in an engagement which won the admiration of the world. In those trying hours she was in the field of carnage administering to the wants of the dying, and from her private purse providing for the care of hundreds.

Is it any wonder that throughout the kingdom her loyal subjects call her "Mama Regina"? How a Queen of Northern blood, born in another land, educated to a life more Occidental than a residence in Roumania could possibly inspire, can be so devoted to an adopted people is a mystery. Yet she loves Roumania more than her fatherland.

Endowed with a commanding presence, a perfect figure, a face which wears a smile of ineffable sweetness, with mild gray eyes, with a heart so tender that it bleeds for the distressed, Elisabeth is the ideal of a majestic Queen.

On Reading of a Poet's Death

By Richard Watson Gilder

(Carlyle McKinley, of Charleston, South Carolina, died August 24, 1904. See "A Journalist of Ideals" in The Outlook of September 3)

I.

I read that, in his sleep, the poet died
Ere the day broke;
In a new dawn, as rose earth's crimson tide,
His spirit woke.

II.

Yet still with us his golden spirit stayed:
On the same page
That told his end, his living verse I read—
His lyric rage.

III.

Behold! I thought, they call him cold in death;
But hither turn,
See where his soul, a glorious, flaming breath,
Doth pulse and burn.

IV.

This is the poet's triumph, his high doom!
After life's stress—
For him the silent, dark, o'ershadowing tomb
Is shadowless.

V.

And this the miracle and mystery—
In that he gives
His soul away, magnificently free,
By this he lives.

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MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

Julia Ward Howe

By Maud Howe

FIFTEEN years ago I wrote to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes asking him to lunch with us on the day when my mother would be seventy years young. In his note of acceptance the Doctor said:

"It is sometimes better to be seventy years young than twenty years old." Thanks to the high sanction of Dr. Holmes's adoption, the phrase survives. If only I might have invited the kindly Autocrat to the lady's last birthday party, I could truthfully have repeated myself, for on that day, as the newspapers had it, she was eighty-five years young.

I am often asked the secret of my mother's uncommon vitality, her prolonged activity. They are the result of two things—a physique I have never known equaled and the uninterrupted habit of work. Both in private and in public life she is still reckoned one of the working members of the community. She always feels herself to be, spiritually, the contemporary of the youngest person in the company. Youth, inexorable youth, recognizing the imperishable child in her, admits her to its councils, and to-day her most intimate friends are the comrades of her grandchildren. She highly esteems her contemporaries, but I notice she prefers talking of them to their descendants of the third and fourth generation to meeting them in person. To her the past is good, the present better, the future best. She follows the Russo-Japanese struggle with the same keen interest she took in the Franco-Prussian war, and watches the Presidential campaign of 1904 as breathlessly as that which closed with Lincoln's election. She is a "stalwart Roosevelt man;" my prayer is that no one will ask her to take the stump in the coming election, as I fear she could not find it in her heart to refuse. The only articles in the newspapers which she refuses to hear read aloud are attacks upon the Administration. Her face flushes with anger, her hands go up before her face in a gesture well known to all her familiars, and she cries out: "No, no, I can't hear anything against the President." She is an imperialist, an expansionist, and a Republican dyed in the wool.

After receiving a degree of LL.D. from Tufts College last June, she rather regretfully left Boston for her country place, Oak Glen, at Portsmouth, Rhode Island, not far from Newport. Here her "Green Family" welcomed her with their rustling branches and whispering leaves. The members of this family are oaks, birches, maples, and pines. In their good company the summer months are passed, and when the time comes to return to town, she is again sorry! I believe she would find it hard to say whether she is happier in town or country. Mr. Elliott's red chalk portrait, lately acquired by the Metropolitan Museum, was made at Oak Glen. The sittings were held in the drawing-room. She sat looking out of the window, her eyes fixed on Sunset Ridge, behind which it has been her custom for many years to watch the sun go down.

On the Fourth of July she came up from Oak Glen, met me in Boston, and we went together to the Hawthorne Centennial at Concord. At the Hillside Chapel she gave the chief address one morning; the following day she presided, introducing the speakers in her usual light, happy vein. Since then I learn from the newspapers that on the second Sunday in August she spoke at the Channing Memorial Church at Newport in behalf of the Newport Hospital, which, of course, is in needs of funds.

My mother was once asked in my presence for a definition of what might be called the ideal aim of life. She considered a moment, then spoke, giving out of the store of wisdom which she has spent her eighty-five years in accumulating:

"To learn, to teach, to serve, and to enjoy."

The saving grace of that last clause, "to enjoy," gives the key of the situation, the secret of all she is.

October

By Sara Andrew Shafer

The bright-eyed squirrels, furry, fleet,
A-gleaming go, with pattering feet.
Brown nuts polished by early frost
On the moss below by the winds are tossed.
Maple and hickory, ash and oak,
Each has donned a gorgeous cloak.
Red haws gleam the hazels near;
Dry grass waves on the uplands sere.
    The Year's at rest in the mellow haze
    That crowns with gold these royal days.

The Maid and the Mistress

BY

FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY, author of "The Singular Miss Smith," etc.
PROFESSOR LUCY M. SALMON, author of "Domestic Service"
"**BARBARA**," author of "The Woman Errant"

The Social Relations of Mistress and Maid

By Florence Morse Kingsley

WHEN the industrious student of sociological problems is called upon to investigate the Servant Question, she will do well to consider the social atmosphere of the kitchen. She will find, quite possibly, that many of the ramified perplexities of the housekeeper grow and flourish, orchid-like, upon this same atmosphere.

If Bridget herself were put upon the witness-stand, she could unfold a tale the variety and scope of whose subject matter would put to shame a veteran novel-writer. Little wonder that she becomes suspicious, resourceful, not to say Macchiavelian, as a result of the education acquired in her frequent migrations from kitchen to kitchen. She speedily acquires the airs of an adept in matters of precedent, and quotes strange customs from unknown households with disconcerting glibness.

"The last lady I lived wid, mum, always got her own breakfast of a Sunday mornin'," says Bridget, by way of excusing her unexpected absence from the kitchen. "She said she done it so I could go to early mass wid me good dress on an' not worry mesilf. Sure she was a foine lady to work for. She's moved away, though." This last with an inimitable mixture of carefully modulated regret and intelligent apprehension of the question likely to follow.

"Yis, mum, she's gone, an' I don't know where, worse luck; but she was a *perfect lady*, if iver I see one."

Bridget's appreciation of "the perfect lady" is both keen and discriminating. While showing herself quite ready and willing to indulge in an idle chat with an idle mistress, she is equally ready to resent the sudden metamorphosis of the idle mistress into the critical judge. Mrs. Shortsight, in her morning gown, must not expect to laugh familiarly with Bridget over the absurd peccadilloes of the laundress or the butcher, and then sail out in evening dress to administer a sharp reproof, however well merited. If she tries the experiment, she is likely to retreat in dire confusion to complain that "Bridget is really growing insufferably impertinent."

The timid mistress is sure to be detected and her foibles exploited to the full by the experienced student of human nature who washes her dishes.

"Brother John and his wife have written that they would like to spend a few weeks with us this fall," murmurs Mrs. Cringer, plaintively; "but when I chanced to mention the matter in the kitchen this morning, Minnie said she should leave to-morrow if I invited them. So I shall be obliged to write putting them off. I'm sure I can't think what to say, for, you know, we visited them last."

"Why don't you tell 'em to come on, and let Minnie go hang," suggests Mr. C. in loud, cheerful tones.

"Sh—!" entreats Mrs. C., turning pale. "What! let Minnie go? Oh, Henry, how can you suggest such a thing! I'm sure I couldn't get a girl again all summer, and Minnie is so honest—at least I've only missed a few handkerchiefs—and she makes such good cake, too."

"Her bread's beastly," growls the unfortunate Mr. C., "and so's her coffee. Why don't you teach the girl to cook properly if you will keep her? You know how I like things well enough."

Mrs. C. trembles visibly. "Henry," she says, solemnly, "if you knew how disagreeable Minnie can be when you criticise her in the least particular, you wouldn't suggest such a thing. I'm only *too* thankful that she cooks as well as she does. What in the world would I do if she should leave, with the baby teething, and Tommy so troublesome, and the sewing not half done!"

Mr. C. mutters profanely under his breath, and departs for the office feeling that there is something very much out of joint in his domestic arrangements, and not knowing in the least what it is. After ruminating over the matter for a day, he is likely to suggest to his wife that he will "talk to Minnie."

"Talk to Minnie!" she exclaims, hysterically. "Oh, Henry, what an idea!"

If, in the face of tears and entreaties, he actually faces the kitchen deity in the murky privacy of her shrine, and attempts in blunt masculine fashion to adjust matters on what he is pleased to term "a business basis," he very quickly finds out that in the exact spot where the business basis ought to be established there is a hopeless quagmire of pride, ignorance, and feminine inconsistency which appalls him. He is likely, too, to find his wife getting dinner alone that night with a suffering, resigned, I-told-you-so expression of countenance which does not tempt him to repeat the experiment.

In many households the position of maid-of-all-work is not far from being an intolerable one, because there is no definite limit set as to the amount and variety of labor to be performed. In such families general housework is "too awfully general," and the temper and patience of a haloed saint would be tried by the selfishness and unreasonableness of its mistress. If a servant is found to be good-natured and willing, as well as competent, an appalling number of duties is gradually heaped upon her shoulders, until she staggers under the burden.

"Only think!" boasted a mistress in my hearing recently, "my maid washes and irons for a family of five, sweeps the whole house once a week, cleans the windows, bakes, and attends to the lamps. And besides all that, she dusts the whole first floor before breakfast, sweeps the verandas, cares for the furnace, and makes the beds while we are at breakfast. She's a *perfect treasure!* But she's awfully delicate, poor thing; I tell my husband we'd better enjoy ourselves while we can. So I'm paying up all my dinner and luncheon debts, and getting in all the card-parties I can; for, will you believe it, Bridget never thinks of objecting when I ask her to serve an evening company! All I have to do is to flatter her up a bit, and she'll do anything for me."

"How much do you pay your maid?" I asked, with decided impertinence. But Mrs. Parsimony was only too happy to answer. "Only sixteen dollars a month!" she replied, triumphantly. "Just what I had to pay that wretchedly incompetent Norah, who had such a temper that I was actually afraid to say my soul was my own in the kitchen. I never used to think of entertaining while she was with me, and I hired a laundress and a woman to sweep, besides."

It cannot be reckoned as surprising that the "obliging" Bridget is shortly metamorphosed into "that hateful Bridget, who will never oblige one if she can possibly help it." She has studied in the hard school of experience and has learned to distrust the tongue of the flattering mistress and to resent successfully her impositions.

Obviously, the matter of wages should be adjusted with the same discrimination and fairness which obtains in the ordinary warehouse or office. In a word, the private kitchen must be conducted on recognized business principles, if it is to be conducted at all, and domestic peace will continue to be the price paid to ignorance till this fact is acknowledged by both mistress and maid.

But, when all is said, one must acknowledge that Bridget is neither more nor less than a human being, possessed of all the affections, faults, passions, and prejudices which distinguish the most complex of her many mistresses. You may confidently expect that she will conduct her domestic campaigns on the old-fashioned principle of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"—though she may occasionally demand, and obtain, both eyes and all the teeth you are fortunate enough to possess. But she will respond to uniform kindness, firmness, and honest dealing just as quickly as would you, madam; or you, sir.

The Causes of Household Troubles

By Lucy M. Salmon

[In the years 1888–1890 Professor Salmon conducted an inquiry into the conditions of domestic service in this country, sending out five thousand sets of questions calling for answer from employers and employees. The statistical information thus gathered is contained in her book on "Domestic Service," which is one of the first serious and scientific considerations of the vexed matter of household work.—THE EDITORS.]

TO seek wisdom through a *questionnaire* is a time-honored expedient, while to give wisdom through questions has classic authority. It is therefore immaterial whether it is experience or inexperience that may be either seeking wisdom or that may have wisdom to bestow in this interlocution concerning a domestic problem that has already been involved to the n^{th} power.

What are the causes of our household troubles?

The causes are in part economic—a household system governed by the same economic laws that govern other industries, but resisting the action of these laws; in part social—the attempt to form a chemical compound of public and political democracy with private and social aristocracy; in part educational—the tradition that marriage acts as a solvent to change every ignorant, inexperienced young woman into an accomplished housekeeper, and that, therefore, mental training is for her a work of supererogation; in part religious—the persistent maintenance of the belief that from the primeval chaos every woman has been foreordained to be a housekeeper, united with the rejection of the parallel belief that every man has been foreordained to be a tiller of the soil.

But the situation in regard to household help has never been so critical as it is at the present time.

This statement has been found in one form or another in all literature, sacred and profane, from the times of Abraham and Achilles to the story of the last college graduate who has entered domestic service in disguise.

Other countries do not have the same difficulty.

On the contrary, the difficulty is universal. It may vary somewhat in degree, but fundamentally the problem is the same the world over. Moreover, in no country is there so intelligent an understanding of all its factors as in America, for in no other country is found so great a mass of material for a comprehensive study of the subject. Statistical investigations have been carried on through National, State, and private initiative, and the information asked for has been cheerfully given because of the widespread desire among household employers to co-operate in every way with those undertaking these investigations. Material of every kind, ranging from the scientific accumulations of bureaus of labor to the hysterical deductions of sentimental observers, is all at hand. In Berlin, a young man who recently carried on a statistical inquiry in regard to domestic service was nearly mobbed for his presumption—so considered—in attempting to gather information that German housekeepers had guarded as sacredly as Tibet holds the Grand Lama.

When will our present household difficulty end?

The difficulty will end when every man is reasonable, when every woman is omniscient, when every child is obedient, when we discover the philosopher's stone, when we drink of the Pierian spring, when we dig the treasure at the end of the rainbow, when we enter upon our inheritance in Spain, when the east meets the west.

Meantime?

Dismiss the cook from your attention for a moment and study the kitchen. Is the baking-table on the opposite side of the room from the baking utensils while the baking materials are kept in the pantry? Does an inventory of the cooking implements show one article for toasting and broiling, two battered sauce-pans for preparing a five-course dinner, and a soup-kettle with a cover that does not fit? Is the pump on the left hand side of the sink? Is the sink three inches too low and in a dark corner where a blank wall is all that meets the eye of the one who works before it? Does the waste-pipe from the ice-chest lead into a pan that must be emptied daily? Must the ashes from the range be carried down stairs every day? The results of these investigations may be the discovery that the household engineer has been expected to run his engine with insufficient fuel. *What if the skillful engineer has made the same discovery?*

Occupy for a week in winter the room of the cook. Does the temperature hover near the freezing-point, while the rest of the house is warm? Is the mattress of husks and are the pillows of hen's feathers? Does a row of hooks take the place of a closet? Try the room for a week in midsummer. Is the temperature stifling hot? Do flies and mosquitoes find joy in the screenless windows? Are the facilities for bathing a small bowl and a pitcher without a handle on the top of a triangular wash-stand? The two weeks' vacation in an unknown part of your own home may lead to the traditional *mauvais quart d'heure*. *What if the employee has spent a year under the protecting shelter of your roof?*

Watch for a week the table conversation of your family and its guests. Count the number of times you hear the word "servant," and remarks in regard to "household drudgery," "menial service," "knowing one's place," and "superiority to housework." *What if the household employee has also kept count?*

Imagine that you can accept ten cents from a friend for doing an errand, half a dollar from a guest as he leaves the house and a dollar from another, and can flatter an unwelcome cousin in the hope of getting two dollars at his departure. Criticise mercilessly all of your friends after you have invited them to afternoon tea. Repeat at table all the gossip retailed by officious busybodies. Your own self-respect will be lowered. *What if moral deterioration takes place in the kitchen under the same conditions?*

Try putting all the laundry work out of the house; take up the carpets, paint the floors, put down rugs, and send these out of the house to be cleaned; buy ice-cream and cake and all "extras" at the woman's exchange. These additional expenses will reduce your subscriptions to half-orphan asylums and to vacation funds for the indigent. *What if this course enables others to keep their homes intact and to pay for their own vacations?*

Substitute praise for constant censure; see that the daily paper is on the kitchen table before it is a week old and that the magazines are promptly supplied; encourage the singing-class, the flower-bed, basket-making, bead-work, indoor evening games, and out-of-doors recreation; at least make the effort to give in some form a new and wholesome interest to lives that may have been repressed and mentally starved. Friends may smile and call the plan quixotic. *What if it encourages self-respect in the employee and therefore respect for his work?*

Abandon the attempt to maintain a Waldorf-Astoria style of living on a fifteen-hundred-dollar salary; abandon it if you have the income to maintain it, if in the so doing you are putting temptation in the path of a weaker friend and neighbor. This may reduce your calling list by two hundred names. *What if you gain thereby peace of mind and a contented household?*

Establish household settlements among the cottagers at Newport, in the vicinity of Central Park, on Riverside Drive, Commonwealth Avenue, Euclid Avenue, and the North Shore Drive. *What if successful settlement work in these localities should enable the families of millionaires to bridge the impassable chasm that now separates the dining-room from the butler's pantry and the reception-room from the linen-closet?*

Will these temporary devices remove all friction in the running of my household machinery?

No, they will probably not even lessen it. But these and similar expedients may be of benefit to you, inasmuch as they may help you carry out the commendable advice of Charles Reade, "Put yourself in his place." They may also be of benefit to your granddaughter in enabling her to be a member of that ideal trade-union—that between employer and employee.

Why Domestic Service is a Problem

Being the Humble Opinion of Barbara—The Commuter's Wife

WHICH?

A home does not need a wife any more than it does a husband. Are we never to have a man-wife? A really suitable and profitable companion for man instead of the bond-slave of a house? . . . Our college girls have vast supplies of knowledge; how can they use it in the home? Could a college boy apply his education appropriately to housekeeping, and if not, how can a girl? . . . The woman is narrowed by the home, and the man is narrowed by the woman.—*C. P. Gilman*, "*The Home.*"

Home love is individualized patriotism, and it is only through having a home to love that the immigrant of any grade, whether he comes in a cattle-boat or in the captain's deck suite, can be expected to yield real allegiance to an alien land. Therefore every cult or culture that belittles the home, and places it second to any other ambition, is the sower of anarchy, be it disguised ever so cleverly in all the garb of advanced thought.—*Dr. Russell in* "*The Woman Errant.*"

IT will require neither argument nor an array of facts to convince the middle-class woman of to-day that, next to the question of suitable housing, the problem of domestic service is of the most vital importance.

It is left to the middle class, with its wide ramifications, to do the practical thinking upon which the world's social responsibility rests; the poorer class being wholly absorbed by the problem of bare existence, while the wealthy, or so-called upper class, is quite as much monopolized by the pursuit of limitless luxury.

The two problems of residence and domestic service are, in fact, so absolutely retroactive that it is almost impossible to treat them separately and at the same time intelligently. If the life and viewpoint of a family are molded by environment, must not those who serve the family within doors and make its comfortable existence possible, be doubly susceptible?

The average American woman has, united to common sense, a clear consciousness of the equity of her position and the dignity of the life of the home, yet there are unfortunately a few, glib of tongue and pen, who, calling themselves reformers, serve as walking delegates to a false presentment of the advancement and emancipation of woman, and consider themselves superior to domesticity and among the outside world's workers, merely because they are agitators. One of these has recently thrown a challenge at the value of the individual home as a civic institution and a stone in the foundation of the Nation, seeking by means of false figures and purely theoretical *a priori* to prove not only the financial and intellectual benefit to the individual, but to the community as well, to accrue from the absorption of the individual home, by what a conservative journal recently called a "hideous Residential Trust."

Of course all this sort of thing is but a bit of the spume of the sea of discontent that eddies about the foundation of things and seeks by sheer pertinacity of its ebb and flow to undermine the conservatism of right thinking and living. It has no influence or bearing, save to warn us that our own attitude toward domestic responsibility must be both fixed and rational like that of the man toward his work in the outside world, for if the regard of the mistress for her own home be trivial and capricious, we cannot expect domestic service to be regarded as a permanent or desirable vocation. For the rest, the individual homes of America will never be over-thrown, any more than individual marriage and its fidelity will be displaced by free love and free divorce, certain examples among those having claim to certain intellectual qualities to the contrary.

Granting the necessity of the individual home, it must be at once conceded that a large measure of the welfare and comfort of its inmates depends upon the domestic service obtainable for its daily routine. It seems to be the consensus of opinion that not only is the domestic labor market understocked, but that the quality is inferior to what we have been accustomed in the past or have a right to expect, while at the same time the wages are disproportionately high.

In short, the complaint is that we cannot go out at will and find women willing to come into our homes, occupy cheerfully the top berth of the two-story bed in vogue in the trunk-like maid's room of some apartment-houses, or the unheated north gable of the commuter's attic, a place allotted the maid of all work because when the preserves were kept there they were damaged by freezing. We do not easily get women to do our multiplied work upon our own terms, according to our own ideas, putting up silently with any discomforts that may suit our convenience or purses, nourishing themselves often from the leavings of meals barely sufficient for the family needs, and submitting uncomplainingly to constant or sudden change of work and plans or even with dismissal in midwinter when the mistress wishes to go South, and economizes by closing the house and sending her husband either to "mother's" or the club, and in addition through it all to express gratitude for what the virtuous employer always calls "the privileges of a good home"!

"It is almost impossible to find house servants who will stay," is the plaint of not only the wildly unreasonable woman but of many sane and experienced housekeepers. Stay?—yes, it doubtless is so, but in this respect as in many others is not the general attitude of the mistress reflected in that of the maid?

"The heritage of unrest" seems to have been sown everywhere in the soil of our country by the vanished red man, to spring reincarnate in the people who followed him—the brilliant, dauntless, tireless, nervous American people—especially of the sex feminine. "Not to be tied down," is the siren cry of what passes for progress among women.

It is in this spirit of restlessness—the shifting from house to house and place to place, in season and out—that the deepest root of the problem of domestic service is fixed, other tugging fibers being lack of responsibility upon the part of the mistress, poor food and housing and hours of work and environment that isolate the worker from her kind in a greater degree than in many other employments.

"Why is it," asks another, "that housekeeping seems to be so much more complicated than it was fifteen or twenty years ago?"

This question must be answered by another. Are not we ourselves infinitely more complex than of old? Yet we oftentimes expect our complications ministered to by the same number of individuals at the same rates and under the same conditions that obtained in a far simpler life.

"Yes," you say, frankly, "we are more complicated; but what would you have, when it is a part of the natural process of our social evolution? We must swim with the tide or be stranded and left behind as derelicts."

This is also true, but we should ourselves assume the responsibility of our own complexities, and not seek, the moment we feel the burden, to cast it, together with the fault of it, upon the shoulders of those in our domestic service.

It has gradually come about, parallel with the increased outside interests and social and intellectual activity of woman, that she expects to give less time to her half of the marriage co-partnership than of yore—she is more continually out of the house during the early hours of the day.

While in one sense this is a healthful reaction from the life that was entirely out of touch with the world, "the anything for a change habit" is as dangerous to the woman's household arrangements as it would be to her husband's business. Unless the woman is a genius in the way of systematic management, she will soon find that nothing is running smoothly, and then follows the plaint of incompetent domestic service. Be it always remembered that I am speaking of the retail housekeeper of from one to three maids, not of the great wholesale establishment where the hired housekeeper, like the general manager of commerce, shares the responsibility.

Giving woman all the mental, physical, and intellectual liberty possible for her development, why should she go to a whist club, a charity sewing-class, a musical or a literary lecture in the middle of the morning? What is the rating of a business or professional man who is found playing cards at the club during business honrs, not once but many times, or otherwise absents himself from his office or factory at the times when his opinion may be needed in emergencies? His associates raise their eyebrows and shoulders and say, "I don't know what has got into so and so; he seems to be losing his grip. I never find him in; I'm afraid his business is going to the dogs."

The woman who loses her grip upon her domestic affairs through their neglect should be held equally culpable, for it is through this growing but perhaps unconscious habit of the mistress that the most desirable class not only of native but immigrant women are deterred from domestic service.

This is held to be a wonderful era of prosperity, and for this reason statisticians tell us that fewer people feel the necessity of entering domestic service, while many families are keeping hired help that have never before done so. It is certainly a time when higher wages obtain in some trades than ever before, but the prosperity as far as the rank and file of the middle class is concerned is largely visionary, a verbal expansion of promise that is ill prepared to meet the daily advance in the cost of food, fuel, and shelter, without counting in the increased elaboration of living that each grade seeks to maintain. The dire result of all this is that most of us are living beyond our means, ethically if not financially. We are expending more nerve force than we have on hand, and in this direction we all know too well what ruin it is to try to pay Nature's debts with promissory notes.

Into this second gap in domestic shortcomings, that torture chamber of too many homes, the place where the ends of things fail to meet, stumbles the domestic servant.

The proverb to the effect that "where the lion's skin fell short they pieced it out with foxes," has a new illustration here, for, alas! where money and management are both insufficient for the needs or ambitions of a household, it is often the skin of the servant that is required of her.

It is often said that domestic service should be conducted on a strictly business basis, such as is supposed to rule in things commercial. So it should be as far as possible, but the very quality of the service in the middle-class home, especially that of the Commuter, precludes the exact time schedule that obtains in office, law court, or factory.

Seven o'clock breakfast and seven o'clock supper or dinner imply fifteen hours through which work either strays rationally and restfully, or is compressed cruelly and achingly, according to circumstances.

If this work be well done, pay what wages we will, there is still a debt outside of mere money, to be paid by the practical gratitude of good feeling and personal interest. (By this I do not mean capricious indulgence or patronizing familiarity.)

I never sit at the breakfast-table on the first cold, dark morning of early winter, when bed says, "Behold, I am a very good thing. Why do you leave me?" and taste the awakening cup of coffee and satisfying food promptly served without feeling impelled to hug the cook who prepared it in the "dull gray dawn." Verily she chances at this time to be extremely huggable in the abstract—American born, with Irish wit, a dimple in her chin and a merry devil in her eye.

Of course, under the circumstances she has a "future," at which she expects to arrive in the course of two more years, one year of this period of saving and hope having already been passed, combined with the work of making us extremely comfortable.

Yes, she uses the telephone—she is using it at this very moment to tell James that, owing to the fact that I have unexpected company, she cannot go out this evening. But why shouldn't she? What are telephones for but to save worry and steps? Why should James travel four miles from the next village only to find that his lady love has changed her evening out for my benefit? Also James comes in and sits in the girl's little den when he calls and has coffee. To make a maid receive her admirer with serious intentions outside the door or on the side fence, like a cat, is often to force her into cat-like behavior, quite against her will.

In the specialized arraignment of domestic service, it is said to be particularly deficient in the department of general houseworkers, the necessity of those of small incomes and oftentimes large families.

"Yes, my dear, only think of it! Only a general housework girl, and she had the effrontery to ask me twenty dollars a month, and at that refused to wear a cap in waiting on the table, or wheel the baby out on Monday, Thursday, or Saturday, just because she has a trifle of washing, ironing, or baking to do on those days, in addition to the other work; and she said that the last lady with whom she lived dusted the parlor and cleaned her own bureau silver! Such nonsense; as if I expect to pay a girl and do work to boot!"

Shades of true simplicity! I remember when, in classically educated New England, households where both partners in the family knew how to hold the pen as well as to entertain hospitably, were content if the general helper tied on a clean white apron over her limp-collared "Mother Hubbard" when she brought in dinner.

Fifteen or twenty years ago the general worker did the heavier part of the service—the portions requiring thought, the details and niceties being supplemented by the mistress or elder daughters. The food was placed on the table and removed by the maid, but the passing of the dishes was done deftly by the family themselves. Anything else would have been thought to savor of foolish display. Also if a young housekeeper in the one-maid limit had a baby, it was taken for granted that she could not be here, there, and everywhere, while to have a bushel of toilet articles was not considered a patent of respectability any more than a low-cut bodice worn at a simple home dinner would have been considered a claim to being "in society."

To-day the general houseworker is expected to be a good cook, waitress, laundress, and nurse in one, bearing the detail and responsibility of four vocations on her mind. Is it to be wondered at that the field is not crowded? Nor is the general outlook improved where two or three are kept, for the expansion either in general bulk or exacting detail is usually in twofold ratio to the number.

No one class of workers or employers is perfect or above improvement, therefore why should we expect perfection in a vocation that, owing to the very circumstances of it, must be largely temporary? We undoubtedly need schools for the training of maids, but far more do we need places for the training of women in good housekeeping and where children may be taught decent behavior to those who minister to them.

Those who say that the domestic half of the life partnership is a narrow field, either know nothing about it or have ignominiously failed and so owe it a grudge. It is a field as wide as life itself and as well worth living out, for its scope combines many sciences and arts and includes half the world's work.

Let there be no mistake as to what good housekeeping consists. It lies not in either cooking, washing, or scrubbing. It is not elaborating and complicating life with tittle-bat theories; it is not conjugating the verb to nag and locking up the eggs; it is not the gift of constructing weird salads of a combination of every fruit, vegetable, and nut known to botany, serving ice-cream in popcorn baskets, tying bows on the bread rolls, seeking to disguise the origin of hash by means of paper pantalets, or seeing how many dishes may be employed in serving a meal of samples. Good housekeeping is the art of domestic proportion, of maintaining true values between the needs of the home, the domestic capital of body, purse, and brain, and the rights of the domestic laborer who volunteers to minister to these needs.

Mrs. Gilman, in her prosecution and persecution of the individual home of our fathers, asks the question in a tone of bitter satire—If a college boy cannot apply his education to housekeeping, how can a college girl? and thinks that she answers convincingly in the negative. Quite the contrary.

But a small proportion of the boys who go through college follow academic or even professional life of any kind, yet the business man is known to bring a broader viewpoint to commerce because of his training.

Why may not the college girl also bring the breadth of this life to the management of the individual home, and at her graduation, instead of seeking to go forth as a woman errant, return as the beneficent woman domestic, whose clearness of vision shall, in going beneath the superficial, solve the problem of domestic labor, by dealing out justice, Portia like, no matter against what class the scale must turn? There can be no greater work for women than through the noble art of intelligent social service whereby the individual home becomes a miniature republic and a part of the backbone of the Nation.

This time is not now, you say. What of the present? Ah, well, at present the state of domestic service is precisely what we ourselves have made of it, with our careless optimism that says, let us go ahead and do as we choose, and things will come right somehow. We educate a certain class to sit beside us, and then wonder if they dislike to stand and serve us. We would all better sit down and have a talk face to face with our own responsibilities, rather than growl at domestic service in general and particular. Personally, I have met as many admirable single-hearted women under the cook's apron and housemaid's cap as in any other walk in life, and it is well to remember one thing that is often overlooked. It is not sufficient that we should think well of our maids; they must also think well of us, and for this we are alone responsible.

Mrs. Commuter, whose maid of all work is only sent to church every other Sunday, "if dry," do you remember that it has rained every first day for a month, and she has not seen one of her kind, and, of course, looks glum and mutters warnings? The circus comes to town to-morrow. Buy two reserved seats (she can use both), and tell her you think the bad weather is about over.

Mrs. Haphazard, have you bought the new bedding that you promised the respectable, middle-aged cook, who did "not care so much for going out as to have a good home"? You know that the mattress on her bed is that old thing the boys had when they were camping on the shore, and it's only a bit of petrifaction between slit ticking; while the covers are mosquito netting and in their best estate were only cotton ice blankets that became mildewed in the big ice-chest. It does not make her feel happy to be so bedded when she sees the fox terrier's pillow divan in the corner of the study.

By the way, Mrs. Smallpattern, what did your maids have for dinner to-day?

The bottom of the soup tureen was visible, only one chop was left on the dish for looks, and Willy really needed that. The corn was one cob shy—ah yes, I know you do not eat it, it is so fattening. I think you had fruit for dessert, and of course you never send fruit to the kitchen—it gives maids ideas above their station.

"Always something to be found to eat in the kitchen?" In many houses, but not yours; you have a verbal economy against buying even dry groceries by the quantity, though you clothe yourself expensively. No, the beef bone went into the soup, and owing to company yesterday the coffee-jar is empty.

Bread and tea? But they have had that four times in three days, and even in prisons meat stew is furnished daily. You are annoyed, I am impertinent?

Ah well, truth is often that, which is one of the many reasons that people deem domestic service unsatisfactory and call it a problem.

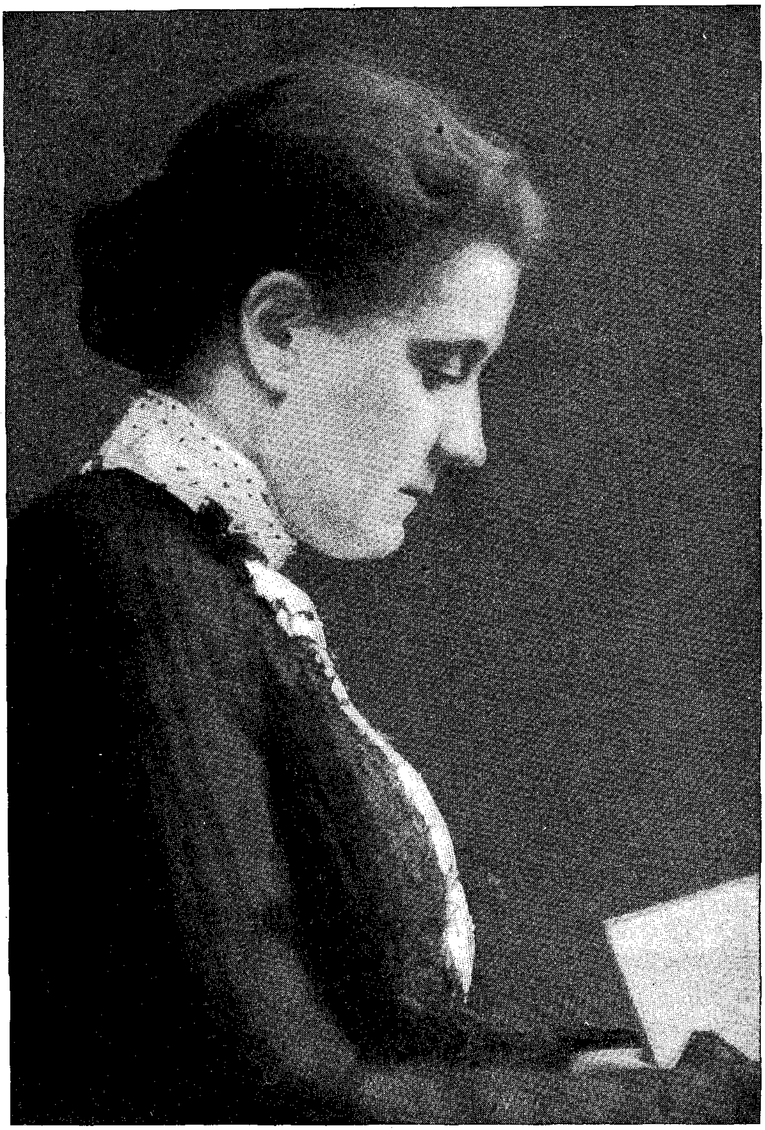
Settlement Workers and Their Work

By Mary B. Sayles

WHEN, fifteen years ago in September, the College Settlement in Rivington Street was organized, and Miss Jane Addams went to live at the old Hull mansion in South Halsted Street, Chicago, the oldest London settlement had been in existence but five years, and this form of social work was unknown in America. In 1900 the Bibliography of Settlements compiled by the College Settlements Association recorded over one hundred settlements in the United States. When all due allowance has been made for the considerable proportion of institutions which have adopted the now popular name without embodying the true spirit of the settlement, one conclusion is to be clearly drawn from so remarkable a development of a single type of social activity in a single decade—the settlement must have supplied a need felt by many groups of people in our large cities.

Miss Addams, in her essay on the "Subjective Necessity for Social Settlements," divides the motives which constitute the subjective pressure toward the settlement into three general lines: "the first contains the desire to make the entire social organism democratic, to extend democracy beyond its political expression; the second is the impulse to share the race life, and to bring as much as possible of social energy and the accumulation of civilization to those portions of the race which have little; the third springs from a certain renaissance of Christianity, a movement toward its earlier humanitarian aspects." It is not my intention, in the present paper, to attempt a restatement of Miss Addams's interpretation, as contained in this essay and its companion piece, the "Objective Value of a Social Settlement"—which together constitute, to my mind, the most enlightening and inspiring contribution yet made to settlement literature. I shall endeavor simply to gather up some loose threads of settlement life—to present a few of the leading personalities in this field of work, each in her own environment, and interpreted, so far as possible, in her own words. If no men are mentioned, it is not because of any failure to appreciate the importance of such significant and influential work as that being done by Mr. Robert A. Woods, of Boston; it is merely that the demand of The Outlook in the present number has been for a study of women in settlement work. And inasmuch as the head workers of more than half of the American Settlements recorded in 1900 were women, our study should not fail to be representative in character.

First of all, I am going to speak of the director of Greenwich House—the youngest settlement known to me, a mere infant of two years, but a most promising infant. Two reasons lead me to give this preference of position to the youngest and smallest: first, because that very smallness, the fact that its organized activities are just beginning to overflow the bounds of a single house, leaves us more free to consider the idea for which the house stands, and second, because its head worker, Mrs. Simkhovitch, one of the ablest interpreters of the Settlement movement, has made it possible for me to state with some fullness her aim for Greenwich House—an aim so representative of the best settlement thought that it may well serve as a touchstone in our further journeyings. It is seven years since Mrs. Simkhovitch, then Mary Kingsbury, became head worker of the College Settlement on Rivington Street; there followed her period of leadership in the Friendly Aid House; and she is now, in the serenity, breadth of vision, and tried enthusiasm of her mature womanhood, entering upon what should prove her field of greatest usefulness as director of the settlement on the lower West Side which



MISS JANE ADDAMS
Head Resident of Hull House, Chicago

she has herself founded and is free to mold as she will. In a letter recently received by me she writes, apropos of the large institutional settlement: "Where schools are inadequate, where there are no other agencies for clubs and classes, and these are needed, undoubtedly the settlement must supply that need. But the danger is that people will forget that it is not those needs alone or primarily that a settlement comes into existence to supply. As long as social, industrial, and municipal questions remain anything like what they are at present there is need for groups of people to live in the neighborhoods where, in many ways, these problems are most acute, in order to report correctly what the situation is and to interpret to those who might otherwise be ignorant of what life means in those parts of great cities, the feelings, desires, hopes, and gifts of those who live there. To love plain people and believe in their possibilities, to reveal their life to those who live so differently, to see to it that changes are effected, and not to care a bit by whom they come, and least of all, to build up the institutional side of a settlement's work wherever other agencies exist for that purpose—this is the task of a true settlement. . . . In a heterogeneous community there is the greatest possible need for these to cast in their lot with the neighborhood and with the co-operation of people of every sort of religious thought to work for the benefit of the district. Now I don't care how big Greenwich House is or how small, but I do care that there shall be a group of people gathered about Greenwich House, residents and others, who shall care profoundly for the best interests of the lower West Side, and who shall together work for that end, regardless of whether that work shall be under the auspices of Greenwich House or of any other public or private agency."

One of the principles here stated by Mrs. Simkhovitch—that the settlement should be flexible, responsive to the needs of its neighborhood, bent on developing interests and helping to their fulfillment desires already stirring there, not seeking to build up organizations or impose ideas from without—this principle might be illustrated from the history of any true settlement, yet perhaps stands out in especially clear relief when we contrast the activities of Denison House, over which Miss Helena S. Dudley presides, in Boston, and Whittier House in Jersey City, the creation of Miss Cornelia F. Bradford.

It will perhaps hardly surprise any one to learn that the chief demand of the neighborhood about Denison House is for educational opportunities. Nearly every club held at the House has an educational basis, while there are a hundred and fifty or more students who meet in evening classes conducted by trained teachers and college graduates, and who are united socially by a students' club. An important feature, also, is the summer school conducted by the settlement in co-operation with the Charity Organization Society, in which some two hundred children are given training in manual work, English, and nature study, with special opportunities to apply what they are learning during expeditions to the shore and country. These and many other activities Miss Dudley oversees; yet always when she writes it is noticeable that she lays emphasis on the larger needs of the community which the settlement cannot hope adequately to meet; and in every possible way she labors to secure from the city broader opportunities for her district—as when she organized a gymnasium in a church building near by, and, after a year's successful conduct by the settlement had proved its usefulness, turned it over to the authorities whose attention and approval she had compelled. She cherishes none of the absurd delusions in regard to the superiority of the settlement to all more highly organized efforts which one sometimes finds in possession of smaller minds; to her the settlement is "a watch-tower," from which a view of the needs of the people may be obtained which will guide aright the efforts of the watchers.

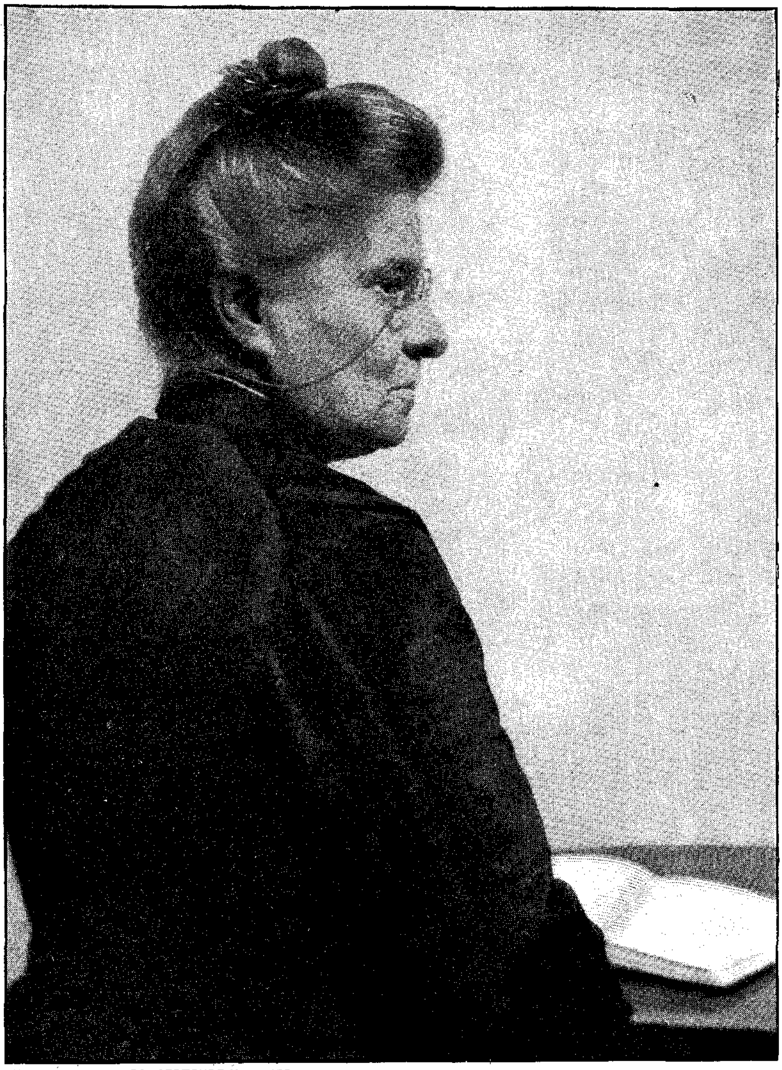
A greater contrast to the highly organized Boston community could hardly be found than that presented by Jersey City. When Miss Bradford went to live in its lower section, ten years ago, the city was without organized charities or progressive social work of any kind. A prominent New York settlement worker recently said to me, "The keynote to Miss Bradford is heroism. She is the most heroic figure in the settlement field." Yet only one who has lived and worked with Miss Bradford can appreciate how true this saying is. Coming almost as a stranger, and wholly without backing, to a city one-half of which (the "Hill") had apparently tacitly agreed to ignore the existence of the other half, she threw herself fearlessly into the breach, and by sheer force of personality conquered for herself the respect and confidence of the better element in both sections. Further, she drew to herself the support of many groups of people in the New Jersey suburban towns—a support which has made possible the purchase of Whittier House and adjoining land which will soon be utilized for the construction of a gymnasium and club-house, and the development of Jersey City's first public play-ground. The needs of the Whittier House neighborhood have always been heterogeneous, as is the population surrounding the house; and if the work is far more often social than educational it is because the popular demand makes it so. Above all, Miss Bradford has first, last, and always labored for every good cause in her city and State—from the establishment of an Organized Aid Association to the appointment of a woman factory inspector. Influence of the sort she has exerted cannot be measured; the satisfaction of having roused and stimulated many groups of people who, except for her influence, would have remained wholly beyond the reach of the modern stream of democratic activity is the reward for a work performed in peculiar isolation and under unusual difficulties.

One of the most vigorous and successful settlements in the country is the College Settlement in Philadelphia. Although twelve years old, it has had but five years in its present location and under its present leadership. How efficient that leadership has been must be felt by any reader of the annual reports of the head worker. From one house the settlement has expanded till it occupies four connected houses and one at a distance in a different neighborhood, besides an extensive country club through the summer. One's first impression of the head worker, Miss Davies, is of a woman of great energy and executive ability, of wide knowledge and adapta-

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. L. BUNDY

DR. JANE ROBBINS

Head Resident of Normal College Alumnæ House, New York



PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. GERTRUDE KASEBIER

MISS CORNELIA F. BRADFORD

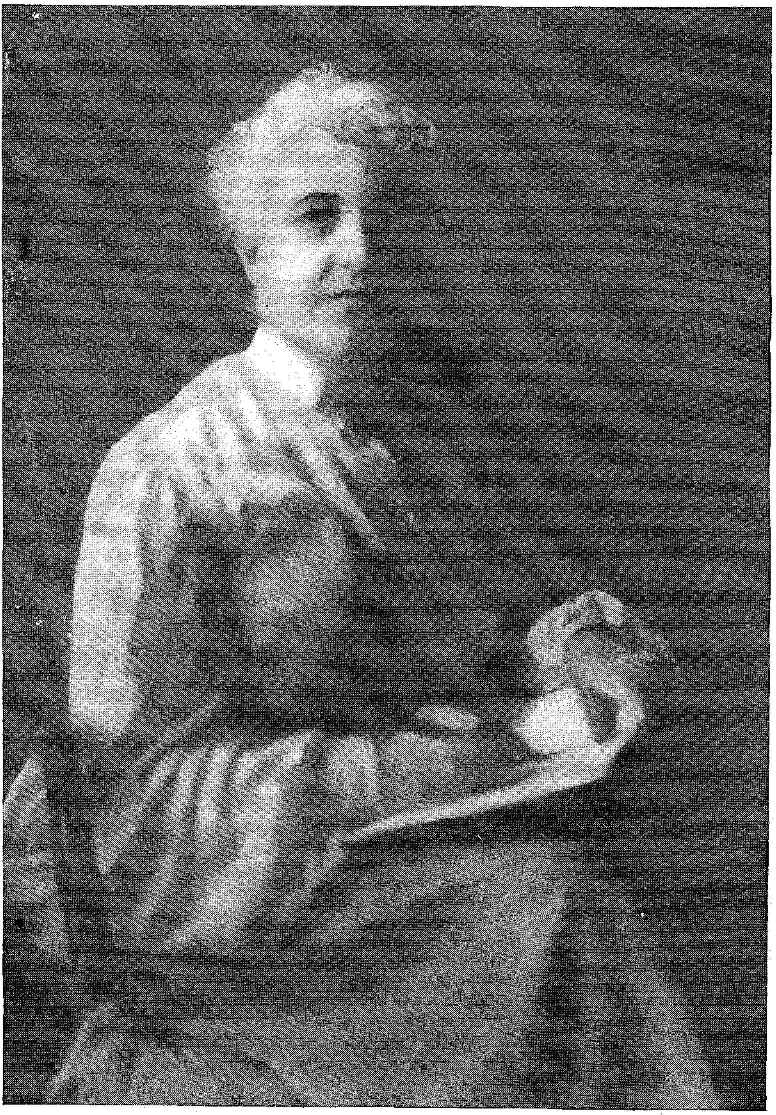
Head Resident Whittier House, Jersey City, N. J.

bility and endless resourcefulness, with a quite imperturbable balance maintained by the aid of a clear head, a strong will, and a keen sense of humor. Every available inch of space about the settlement is utilized—eight-foot cellars being adapted to gymnastics and basket-ball, and a roof garden fitted up on the tops of the small city houses. Sentimentality is abhorrent to Miss Davies; she is not given to high-sounding talk of democratic ideals or social aims; it is to the good which seems most possible of immediate attainment that she bends her energies. To public speaking she is not over-prone; of advertising methods she will have none. She says (I am quoting from one who has been a resident with her for a year) that "she sees articles too much with neighborhood eyes and hears speeches with neighborhood ears. She simply cannot dish up 'the picturesque neighborhood life' for the public gaze." "Somehow or other," adds this same resident—who has lived in a number of other settlements—"she gets a permanent social hold of the people that I have never seen in any other settlement."

Among New York's thirty or more

settlements, a number of head workers would claim our attention had we space to give. Dr. Jane E. Robbins, in a sense the pioneer on the East Side, who went to live in a Forsyth Street tenement before the first settlement was started, is one of the most widely known. Through her experience as head worker of two settlements and her residence as a physician in the Italian district about Mulberry Street, she has always remained, as a friend of hers puts it, essentially " a free lance, so that it has been simply a piece of good luck for any settlement when she became connected with it." No social worker in New York, probably, has more friends; and one and all delight in talking of her " uninstitutionalized personality," " the completeness with which she has identified herself with the people among whom she lives," and in speaking with admiration of " the imperturbable and irrepressible good nature with which she faced conditions."

One of the most interesting settle-



PHOTOGRAPH BY E. BROWNELL

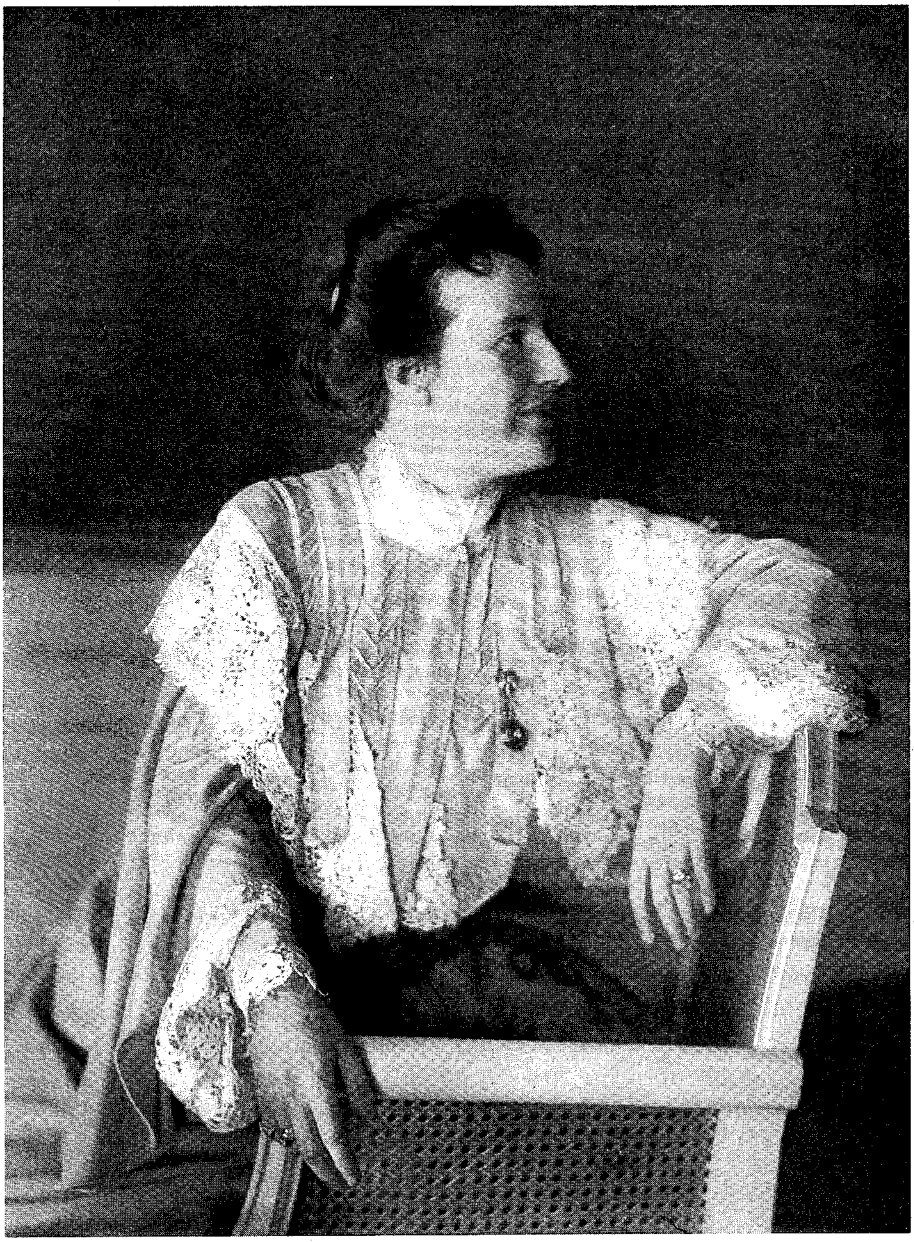
MISS MARY E. MCDOWELL

Head Resident of the University of Chicago Settlement ments in New York, because of its peculiar origin and the distinctive work which it has carried on in addition to all the usual activities of a settlement, is the Nurses' Settlement, founded and presided over by Miss Lillian D. Wald. It is nearly twelve years since Miss Wald conceived a plan for work on the East Side which would serve a double purpose. Herself a professional nurse, she formed a combination with another woman similarly equipped, and the two set up housekeeping together on the top floor of a tenement in Jefferson Street, where they were soon receiving as many calls for their services as could be answered. For two years they lived thus, quietly and unobtrusively, gradually becoming a part of the neighborhood life; till by the time they were ready to take possession of the house at 265 Henry Street they had gathered about them a circle of friends who were ready and eager to respond to all the opportunities the house could offer them. From that time on the nurses' work and the social work of the settlement have been growing side by side, till now all Manhattan as far north as Fifty-ninth Street on the West and One Hundred and Twentieth Street on the East Side is partitioned into districts in which fifteen different nurses visit, while four houses and parts of four others are occupied as residences, club-houses, or for other settlement purposes, and a convalescents' house and vacation house in the country are maintained. The two departments of the work are now quite distinct, the social work being carried on, under Miss Wald's direction, chiefly by non-residents. The district nursing is carefully systematized under the direction of a head nurse, and maintains the highest standard which obtains anywhere in visiting nursing, Miss Wald's aim being to give to each patient visited as nearly as possible the care he would receive in a first-class hospital. Miss Wald's influence, however, has by no means been confined to building up her Settlement either on its professional or its social side. She has done effective work on many committees, and her value as a laborer in any cause she may take up is widely recognized. To her efforts is due the important development of nursing in connection with the children excluded from the public schools on account of contagious disease, which is now an established part of the greater city's policy and which is working a marked improvement in the condition of school children in the poorer districts. In her relations with the people of her neighborhood Miss Wald shows her genuine and large-minded democracy by her policy of intrusting to the young people a large share of self-government in their clubs, and of encouraging individual effort by allowing to these young people the management of the bi-monthly Settlement Journal, in which local talent for editing and writing are allowed free play.

Many settlements have expressed, by giving the use of their rooms and otherwise, their sympathy with labor unions; Miss Mary E. McDowell, of the University of Chicago Settlement, has gone farther. Ten years ago, soon after the unsuccessful strike in the Chicago stockyards, Miss McDowell went to live in Packertown—a dismal region "separated by forty-two railroad tracks and one square mile of stockyards from the other side of town," edged about by dump heaps and the foul back-water of the Chicago River, and with sanitary conditions of the worst description. With the whole force of her vigorous, breezy personality she threw herself into the interests of the district, made up entirely of stock-yard employees, seeking to raise the cowed spirits of the defeated workers and fire them with new hope and ambition. Her most distinctive service has been in organizing into a union the women of the stockyards, who had shown both before and during the strike their lack of self-control and need of the common understanding and purpose which only organization can give. Miss McDowell is counted a member of the union, through which the women have already attained new dignity and self-possession and have secured many advantages. She has also been given the right, by the men's unions, to attend the packing trades council. In the recent strike she has labored through the press and in private to bring about a better understanding of Packertown conditions among the people at large, striving in every way to hasten the coming of an honorable peace. The esteem in which she is held by working men and women is evidenced in many ways—as by various articles in the official journal of Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen, one of which, after recounting her services, states: "We owe a great debt of gratitude to Miss McDowell, and we should congratulate ourselves that we have such a capable and effective ally in our work of improving industrial conditions, especially among the women workers."

Last of all I have left for mention the woman whom every Settlement worker in the country gladly acknowledges as the leader and prophet of the Settlement movement in America—Miss Jane Addams. Of the manifold developments of organized activity which center at Hull House—the innumerable clubs and classes, the gymnasium and coffee-house, the industrial museum, the popular theater—I shall not even attempt to speak. Nor can I give any adequate idea of Miss Addams's great work in formation of opinion and inspiration to social effort the country over. Probably nearly every reader of The Outlook has once at least had the opportunity to hear Miss Addams speak—at some woman's club gathering, some civic association, some charitable, educational or other convention—for there is scarcely an organization in the country interested in social work which does not feel that its programme is incomplete without Jane Addams's name. Her essays must be read by any one who would pretend to understand the modern movement to "add to democracy the social function." Of her personality I have heard many social workers speak, and always in terms of unbounded enthusiasm—with something, indeed, akin to reverence. "Freedom is dear to her," writes a friend, himself a Settlement head-worker, "but not the forms of freedom. It must be the real thing. And that means that democracy is the dearest thing in life to her—her child, her dream, her faith. For she is a mystic, as the highest type of practical worker for the realization of democracy must always be. And Hull House has taken on something of this largeness of spiritual vision which dominates its head. Miss Addams's dearest wish is not that the neighborhood of Hull House shall be a better one because of its existence there, but that, through Hull House, people shall understand what has got to be done in our large cities everywhere where there is an immigrant population working for wages. That means not only cleaner streets, more parks and playgrounds and better schools, but also some idea of the desires and hopes and gifts of the people of the Settlement neighborhoods. Somehow these people must be understood and listened to, as are others with larger opportunities. For Miss Addams, as I understand her, believes that we are to expect a larger life for cities, for our country and for all countries, not by the imposition of gifts of culture and wealth from above, but by the development of the powers and nobleness already there. The passionate belief in the common, every-day man is what gives Miss Addams her spiritual power, and places her far above the petty beneficence of many who would follow in her footsteps."

This last suggestion brings me to my final word. The settlement movement has suffered more from its false friends—the condescendingly beneficent, the sentimental, the idly curious, the merely restless who seek distraction from themselves, the self-seeking, and those who boast of small achievements—than it has ever suffered from its enemies. Most of us who have lived in settlement circles have been driven more than once to cry with the young Englishman Miss Addams quotes, "Oh, let us cant the cant our fathers canted, and not this beastly settlement cant!" The scoffers and backsliders along the line of advance are many; but until these can offer a programme more full of promise than that of the settlement, those to whom democracy and brotherhood are not mere threadbare names will struggle on—toward what end no one yet knows.



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

From a copyrighted photograph taken at the White House by Arthur Hewitt

MRS. ALTON B. PARKER

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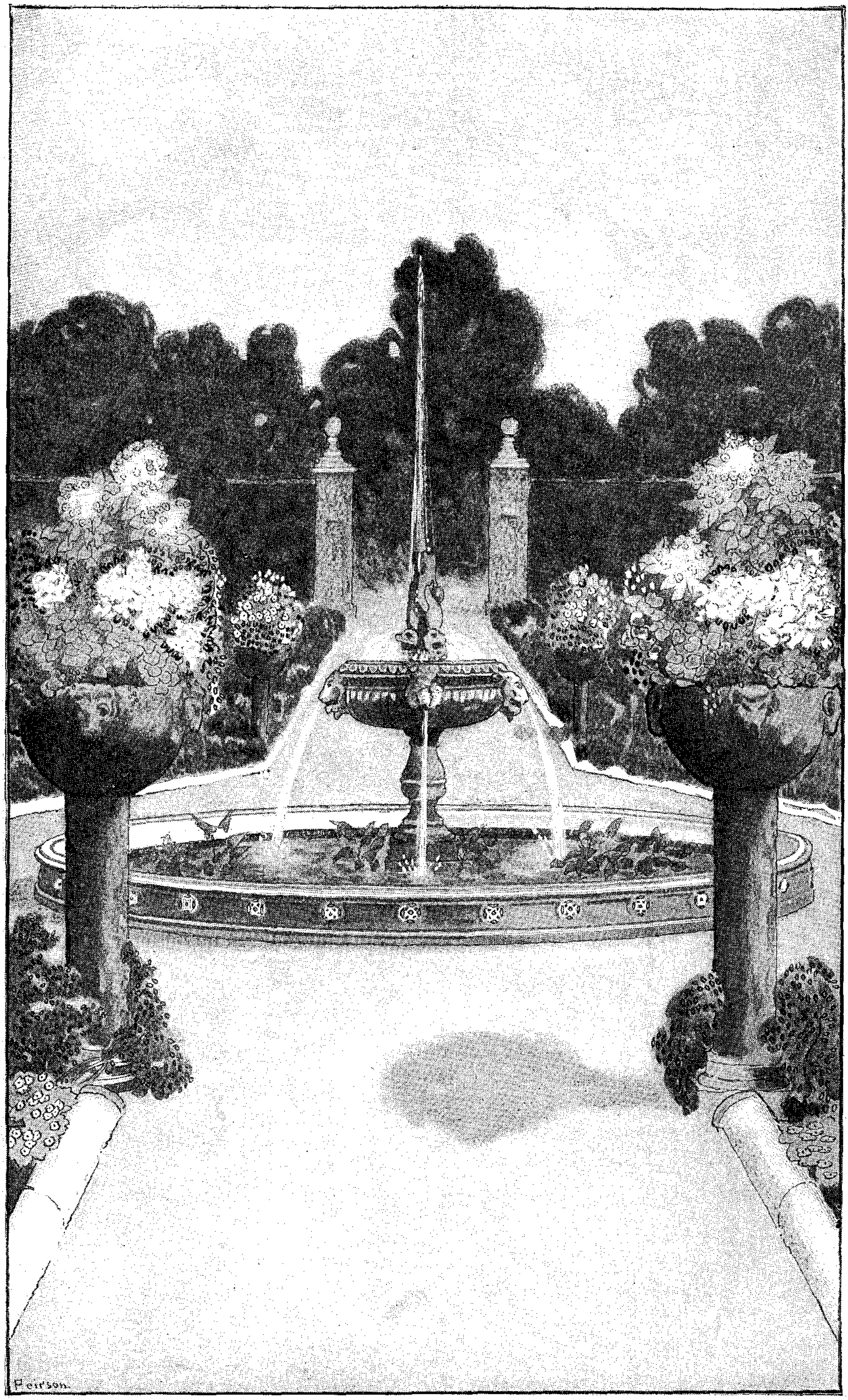


QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ITALIAN FOUNTAIN IN SANDRINGHAM GARDENS

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER GARDENS

By
E. DOUGLAS SHEILDS
Drawings by
ALDEN PEIRSON

THE haunts of great statesmen and people of genius have their somewhat awful attraction for many people. But who is there to whom the gardens of a royal palace do not appeal, filled, as one pictures them, with brightness, beauty, and life, quick-moving, history-making, and brilliant? The life-dramas that have been played there hold the mind; and thus it comes about that when, pen in hand, ready to write about the Queen's Gardens, one's thoughts turn irresistibly to those dramas, and to her who played the leading part in some of them, and one writes about the Queen.

It sounds paradoxical to say that Queen Alexandra is one of the least-known people in England, and yet it is true. In spite of the fierce light in which she has lived, in spite of modern journalism, and the fact that the Princess of Wales and later Queen Alexandra, her occupations, her fancies, her acts, and her pets, have formed an ever-interesting topic for English readers, she is not really well known to the nation. Queen Victoria one knew. Her character coincided with much that is universal. She obeyed human impulses, as when she boxed the ears of one of her sons as they drove through the streets of Dublin because he was not behaving well, and drew herself right into the hearts of the masses of the people as one they knew personally. Then, again, her devotion to her personal servant, the old Scot, John Brown, with his undoubted devotion and doubtful politeness, was another trait which bound her to her subjects by the primitive ties of humanity.

But when we come to consider the character of the present Queen, who so richly earns the title gracious, we are met by a fine, invisible barrier. There seems to be between her and the nation a veil lending unreality to her most spontaneous actions. This is the more difficult to understand when one recalls the furor of delight with which she was greeted when she came as bride, only nineteen years of age, to England. Her beauty and simple though stately bearing captured the hearts of the people. At times, the devotion with which she has since then been regarded by the people has taken forms a little ridiculous. The "Alexandra limp" was adopted by the leaders of fashion after a serious attack of rheumatism had rendered the Princess of Wales, as she was then, lame in her right knee. Her mode of dressing her hair on her forehead, which has never altered, is not the one best suited to English women, but for many years one would have thought it the only arrangement possible to them. She also charmed the people by her devotion to her children at a time when it was not fashionable to admit such feelings. In

1864, at Cambridge, when an honorary degree was conferred on the Prince of Wales, the students reserved their loudest applause for the Princess; and when they called for and gave "Three cheers for the baby," the smile of the Princess left no doubt as to what was for her the most pleasant incident of the occasion.

It is well known that the father of Queen Alexandra, when Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, Sonderburg, and Glücksburg, had little thought that he would one day occupy the throne of Denmark. Although of long lineage, he was by no means wealthy, and he and his wife enjoyed the inestimable boon of freedom from publicity. They brought up their children in full possession of the knowledge and the wide sympathy which a refined economy brings with it; and these Queen Alexandra has never lost. When the woman who could skillfully make her own clothes, whose custom it was to arrange the flowers in her home and share in the household duties, became the Queen of England, she must have moved among the more artificially reared aristocrats at the Court in London with much more sympathy with the poor on her estates than with the patricians who had not then received the element of democracy that has been so largely introduced of late years. In Denmark the royal family is able, owing to the innate refinement and restraint of the Danes, to move among the people freely without escort. It was the great pleasure of Queen Louise, Queen Alexandra's mother, to go about Copenhagen unattended. And it has been one of the great pleasures of Queen Alexandra's life to do the same when she was visiting her Danish home. On her estates and in her gardens this absolute liberty has been one of her joys.

There is nothing more delightful to be found in the Courts of Europe than the devotion which exists between the aged King Christian of Denmark and his family. Their annual gatherings, at which three of the thrones of Europe were represented besides that of Denmark, were for many years presided over by the large-hearted Queen Louise, who used to describe herself as "aunt to all Europe," adding, "That is, where I am not grandmother." It is perhaps to this happy family circle to which we must turn for an explanation of the aloofness which is not reserve that has characterized the bearing of Queen Alexandra. Friendships outside of it were unnecessary. On the other hand, the notable friendships of Queen Victoria with women of her time came naturally to one who was dependent on friendships for the companionship of her own sex.

It was a little strange that the Prince of Wales should have chosen for his home, before he ever saw or thought of the Princess, an estate in a countryside which, with its level stretches of green pasture, patches of woodland, and houses with red-tiled roofs, bears a striking resemblance to Denmark. From the heights on the estate one catches glimpses of the Wash, which merges into the North Sea, stretching across to Denmark. In early times it bore across to Britain the Danish invaders, and even yet the traces of Danish blood are more strongly marked in the people of Norfolk than in any other part of England. In this county stands Sandringham, the real English home of Queen Alexandra. Although she has lived in all the royal palaces, it is to it that her heart turns as to home. And although it has not been formally announced, there is little doubt that arrangements have been made so that Sandringham, at present occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, would be her home should she ever require it.

The house itself is a red brick building, faced with white and pointed in Elizabethan style. It is by no means a show place, looking more like the residence of a country gentleman than a royal palace. And such it has been the pleasure of the King and Queen to have it. The building stands on a gentle rise, and from the sunny terrace that skirts the garden front one looks out on a park three hundred acres in extent. We must confine our attention to the outside of the house, and yet we must note that the Danish Princess seemed not only to love, but also to have an aptitude for producing everything that tended to make her home beautiful. Music, painting, embroidery, she excelled in, and into the house she carried as much as she could of her garden. Flowers were everywhere, and the large arrangement of rocks and ferns, palms and flowering plants, surmounted by a statue of Venus, in the large drawing-room at Sandringham, was of her own designing. She also introduced the Continental custom of planting trees, and there is a whole avenue in the grounds planted by distinguished people, each tree bearing the date and name.

In the laying out of the gardens the tastes of the King and Queen differ. King Edward likes trim paths with turf borders, and wide stretches of lawns are his special delight. If one chances to see a part out of precise order, or comes across a bit of old-world statuary such as the beautiful Grecian well and the Italian fountain, one is safe to conclude it is the Queen's fancy. A characteristic fancy is that which finds expression in her wild-flower garden. Secluded paths wind through it; it hides itself a little back from the avenue of Scotch firs known as the Church Walk. There are no formal flower-beds, no trim gravel paths, and almost no signs of gardening or cultivation. But there, growing among the shrubs and looking supremely contented and at home, one sees the English wild-flowers, bluebells, forget-me-nots, buttercups. pimpernels, and even the humble nettle. In one of the quietest corners the Queen sometimes takes tea. A large piece of woodland in an outlying portion of the estate is reserved for the cultivation of primroses, great quantities of which are sent to city hospitals every spring.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

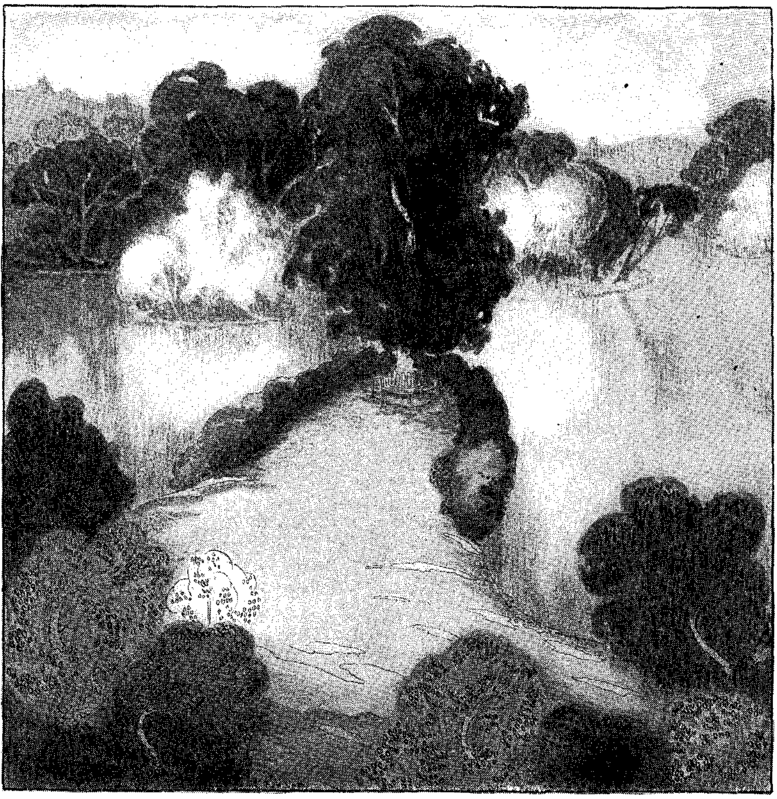
Another of the favorite haunts of the Queen is the summer-house in the Rosery, outside which are some ancient bits of architecture brought by the Queen from Greece. Over them creeping plants are trained so as not to hide but only accentuate the beauty beneath. The cool Alpine garden with its fern banks and murmuring streams also frequently claims her for its own.

The Kennels are a very important feature of the grounds at Sandringham, for Queen Alexandra is devoted to dogs, and has some very valuable breeds. Thither as Princess of Wales she used to repair, a big white apron covering her dress, ready to receive the endearments of her tumultuous pets, who scorn dry bread when given to them by the keeper, but eat every crumb when it is handed by their mistress. One cannot leave Sandringham without glancing at the Queen's Model Dairy, a picturesque Swiss chalet, standing in a quaint, old-world garden. Its porch is covered with creepers, and on the shelves inside are china models of prize heifers reared on the estate. In the tea-room adjoining the whole family often assembled for tea. But it was regarded as the sanctum of the Princess, and even the Prince never entered the room until the Princess had arrived. The extensive game preserves we may pass by as not coming within the domain of Queen Alexandra, but the stables, which are truly princely in their appointments, must have interest for so accomplished a rider and whip. Then we cannot but feel that she must, who takes so deep an interest in hospitals and hospital nurses, have had a good deal to do with the house on the estate that was made into a convalescent home for officers in the army, many of whom became guests of their sovereign while staying there.

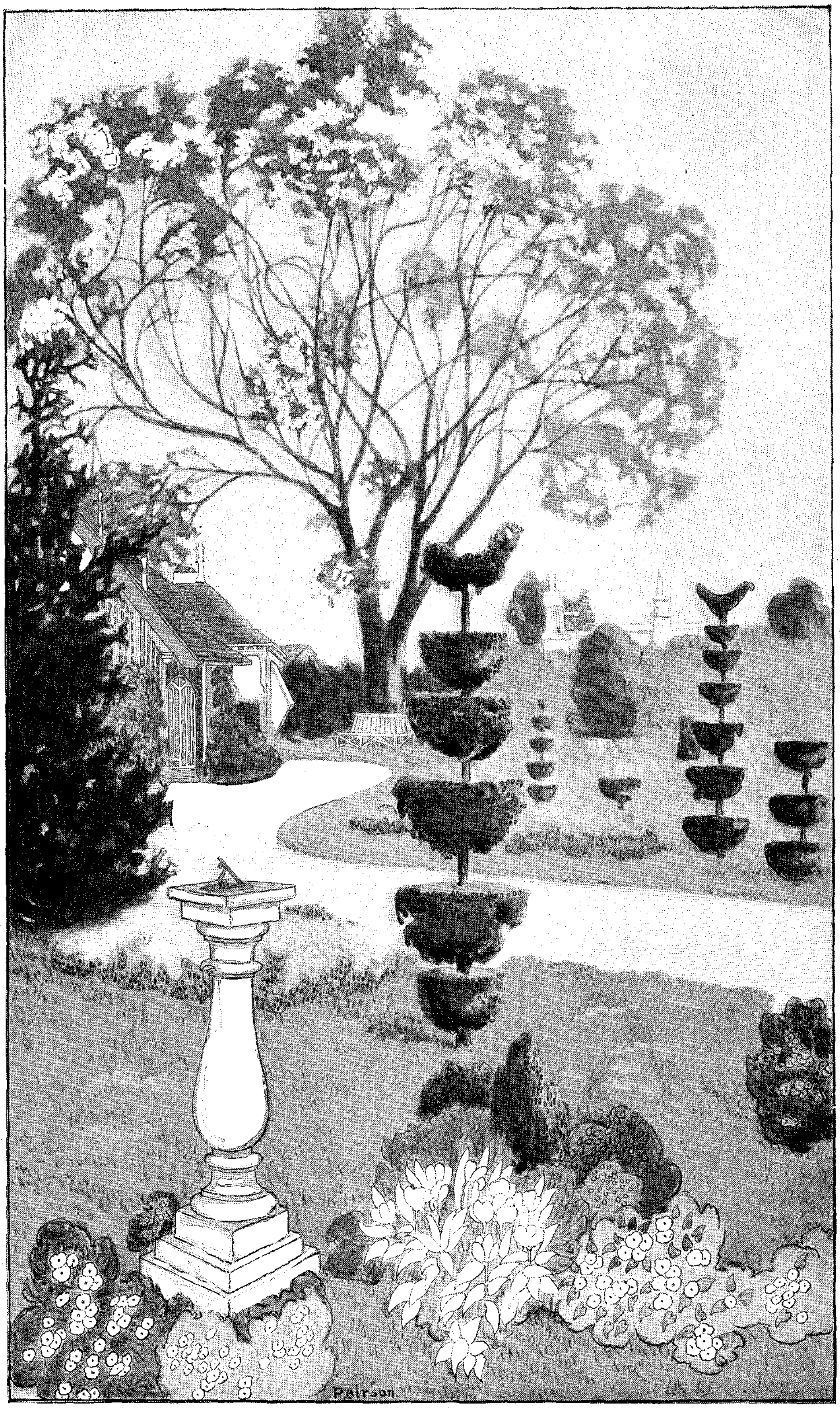
The long lines of glass houses interest us specially as the place where, besides much else that is under cultivation, the favorite flower of the Queen, the pink malmaison, is grown in large quantities, and much used for house decoration.

Marlborough House, the other home of the Queen for so many years, the town residence of the heir to the throne, is now occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales. It was built in 1710 by Wren for the great Duke of Marlborough. The courtyard opens directly into the busy thoroughfare of Pall Mall. The woodland grove in which Charles II. and Henrietta loved the broad pathway in which he used to play the new French game of *Paille Maille*, are gone. When the place was leased to the renowned Sarah, wife of the Great Duke of Marlborough, it was stipulated that the old friary gardens should not be built upon, and they remain in the form of beautiful wide lawns studded with noble trees, underneath which a long succession of garden parties have been given.

It must be with great reluctance that Queen Alexandra gives up the freedom

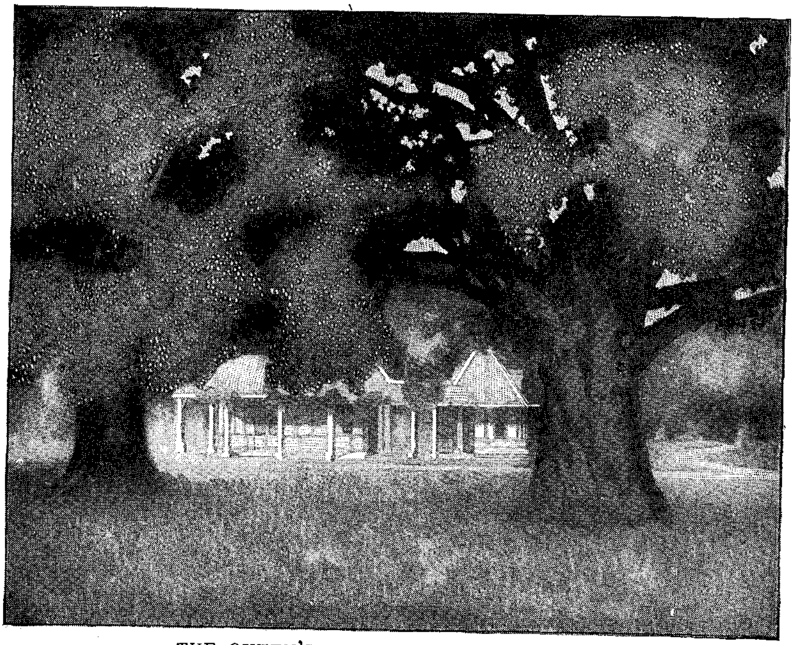


BUCKINGHAM PALACE. THE LAKE FROM THE QUEEN'S CHALET

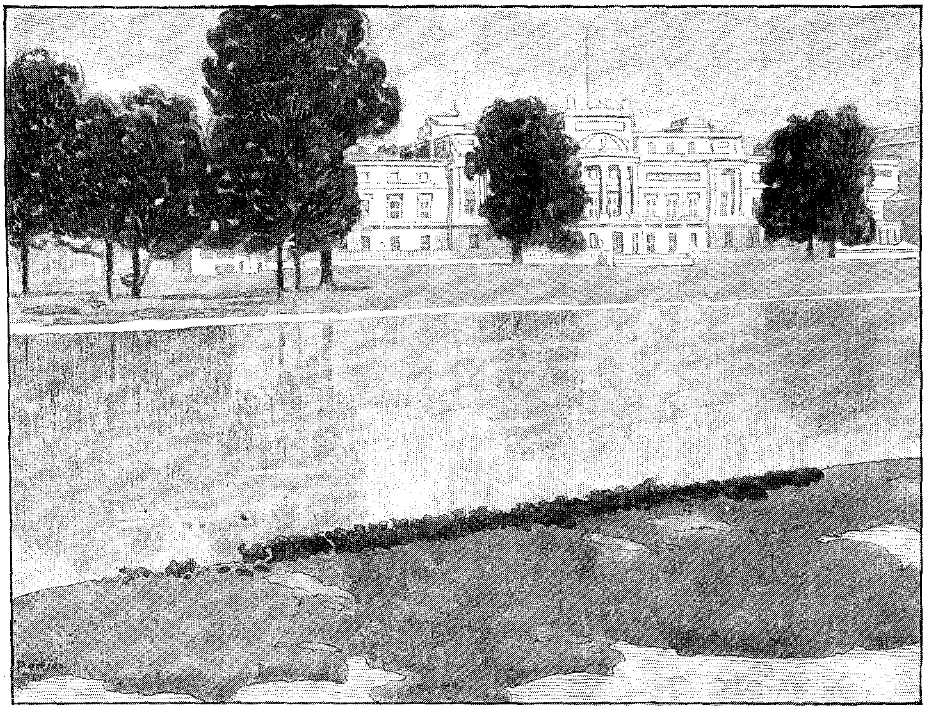


THE QUEEN'S DAIRY AT SANDRINGHAM

she has enjoyed at Sandringham for the constraint of Buckingham Palace. There is no chance there of her meeting a countrywoman and exchanging greetings with her—or a townswoman either—it being doubtless necessary that the privacy of the palace should be strictly guarded. It is difficult for any outsider to obtain permission to view even the outside of the building or the grounds. This is a pity, because the first feeling on seeing them later is one of surprise at their great beauty and seclusion. Once past the soldiers and officers on guard, once across the bare, graveled approach and inside the high walls, and London seems to have been left miles away. The palace stands in forty acres of land, and they have been made the most of. The lake occupies five acres, and the islands and inlets are richly wooded. Near it stands the Queen's chalet, the interior of which was decorated by the foremost painters of the Victorian era. From the western terrace one looks away across stretches of turf to the lake beloved of royal skaters in winter, and away beyond that the gaze is lost in trees and their shadows and the blue distance. The palace itself is hardly worthy of notice as a palace of the King, for it is by no means beautiful, though it is large and contains a wealth of beautiful things. The building has known vicissitudes and they have left their mark on it. It was originally built by the famous Duke of Buckingham, the poet, statesman, courtier, rake, and boon companion of Charles II. But before that James I. of England and VI. of Scotland had tried to introduce silk culture into England, and the mulberry gardens stood where the palace now is. It was probably about this time that Shakespeare planted his mulberry-tree at Stratford-on-Avon. The mulberry gardens and the park, which contained many rare birds and foreign animals, became the favorite resort of the fashionables of that day. Refreshments could be obtained at fabulous prices. It was here that the first pound of tea sold in England was bought by Arlington, one of the famous Cabal, in the year of the great plague. Here, also, Dryden atê the mulberry tarts he loved, and Pepys enjoyed the "Spanish olios." George III. rebuilt the palace for Queen Charlotte, but it was never the residence of a reigning monarch until Queen Victoria chose it as hers. In the interval it had been altered by George IV. and improved by William IV., with the result that it is by no means worthy



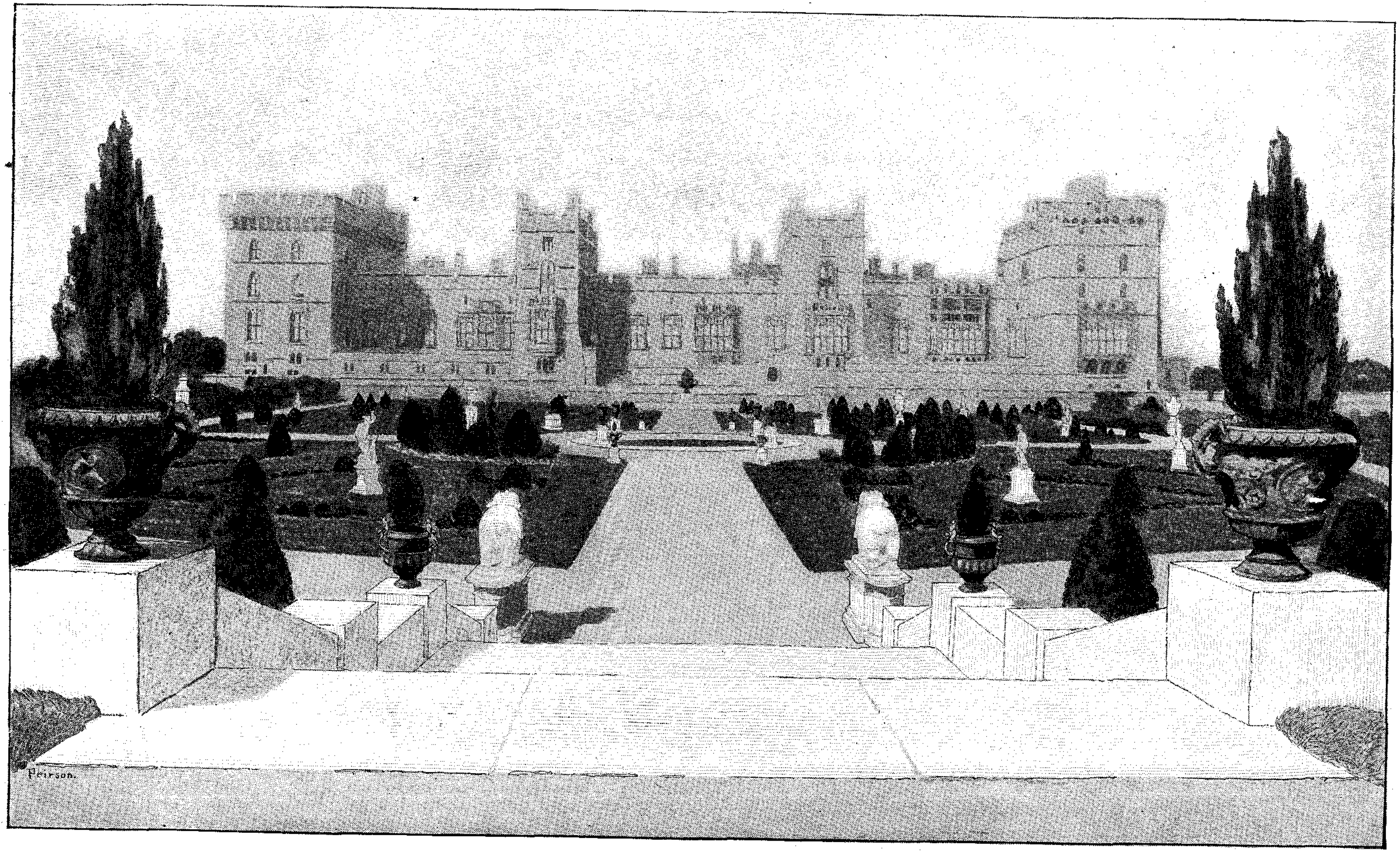
THE QUEEN'S TEA-ROOMS AT FROGMORE



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

of its position as the town residence of the occupant of the throne of England, although it contains splendid apartments and a choice collection of paintings. During the reign of Queen Victoria many garden parties were given in the grounds of the palace, both she and the Prince Consort preferring the informality of such gatherings to the set receptions in the palace. On these occasions the royal watermen in their quaint costumes were a very picturesque addition to the scene. The flower gardens and conservatories here do not seem to belong to or express the personality of Queen Alexandra as do those at Sandringham.

Windsor Castle, the other English home of the Queen, is the great historic royal residence in England. It is on the summit of a hill set in the midst of a richly wooded and undulating plain, and all that centuries of wealth and good taste could do has been done, and the result is exceedingly beautiful. The castle itself looks like a mediæval fortress, with its giant towers, its balconies, bastions, and halls; but it combines with this all the internal comfort and magnificence of the present day. This was not always the case, and history tells of much discomfort suffered by those living in it. Now, however, the beauty and variety of its internal architecture, as well as its comfort, are on a level with its external dignity. It is impossible in the presence of such a place to do other than call up the past. Queen Alexandra takes her place in the long line of kings and queens who have lived here, and surrounded by the beauty they have made. Windsor Castle had its beginnings in the time of William the Conqueror, although there was probably a building of some kind on the hill before that, for the huge forest surrounding it had been a favorite hunting-ground for the Saxon kings. It was Edward III. who introduced pomp and high ceremonial to the castle, and ever since his reign it has taken a commanding place in the history of the royal family and of the country. Jane Seymour lies buried in one of its vaults, and Henry VIII. begged in quite an exemplary manner to be laid by the side of his "dear wife" when he died. The castle was the scene of the mingled garishness and splendor of the court of Elizabeth.



EAST TERRACE GARDENS, BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Cromwell occupied it and enjoyed doing so. William of Orange used it as his headquarters. Charles II., however, added greatly to the beauty of the grounds by planting the long walk which connects the castle with the park. This magnificent avenue of elms, close on three miles long, leads to Snow Hill. There stands the statue erected to George III. by his son. But of more importance is the view one gets from this slight eminence. It is one which few Englishmen can survey without a feeling of pride and joy. And there is something to justify him in looking at the ancient beeches, with their massive strength and a thousand years of age, and all the evidences of prosperity and stability that abound. The oaks, dating from the Doomsday Book, are among the finest in the country. All around the land has been gradually acquired, buildings pulled down, grass laid, and trees from all parts of the world planted. A great part of the fascination of the scene lies in its mingling of old trees and young, ancient grandeur and future promise. The young deer roam as they did in the days of William the Conqueror. Away in the distance, glittering among the trees of Frogmore, is the gilt cross of the mausoleum erected by Queen Victoria in memory of her husband. And there she also was buried, as was her wish.

Strange trees force questions from us, and we are told they are pines from the Himalayas, larches from the Andes, chestnuts from Spain, cedars from Syria. Among the wealth of English trees and the thick growth of holly, birch, and juniper, one notices trees planted in a disorder that suggests order. One is told that Queen Anne had those planted to represent the disposition of the allied forces at the battle of Blenheim. A portion of a field was bought, including the ditch into which Falstaff was tumbled, so that they might be placed where she could see them from the window at which she was sitting when the news of the victory reached her. This is just the warlike sentiment one would expect from her. Swift says she used to "hunt under the blazing forest suns of July regardless of the standing crops in Windsor forest. Once, finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach. She hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself and drives furiously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod." It seems an anticlimax to recall that she succumbed finally to an attack of measles. As one stands looking at the trees, a hum in the distance heralds a motor-car, and it and the perfect roads form a striking contrast to the condition of things in the beginning of the eighteenth century. A description of the journey of a prince through the forest says the passengers did not get out of their coaches for fourteen hours "save only when they were overturned or stuck fast in the mud." The account naïvely adds, "They were thrown out but once in going, but in coming they were thrown twice."

Frogmore is an estate that was acquired by the royal family, and it is there that the real gardens of Windsor are. They are extensive and very beautiful, but they do not equal in beauty that part of the domain called the Virginia Water. It is the largest artificial lake in England, and the grounds around it were skillfully planted, fortunately at a time when it was the fashion to do that largely after the manner of nature. A waterfall added to its delights, and George IV. frequently used to fish from the Fish Temple which juts out over the water beside a pretty garden. The gardens of Windsor Castle itself are comprised in the stately East Terrace, with its formal beds and fountain in the center.

Queen Alexandra takes her place amid all these surroundings naturally and with a graceful adaptability. Her acts of kindness to the poor, and all the proofs she has given of a real and intimate sympathy with them, represent what is perhaps the deepest part of her nature. For examples of these we turn to Sandringham, where she came into the natural and direct intercourse that she loves with the people on the estate. She very soon gave proof of the practicality of her interest. The woman who ran in to say good-day to her neighbor, and stayed to add something else, found on reaching home that the Princess, as she was then, was hushing her sobbing babe. Children on their way home from the pretty model school were caught up in delighted bunches by the Princess in her carriage and deposited smiling at their mothers' doors. One day she passed an old woman carrying a heavy load. Stopping her, Queen Alexandra asked her if she had no one to help her to carry it. "My son used to, but he is dead," was the answer, which came like a cry. Hastily pulling down her black veil, for she had herself lately lost a son, the Princess hurried on. But in a few days a small cart and pony appeared at the old woman's door. They all knew that it was the Princess of Wales who was the means of starting the technical training school for girls, one of the first in England, on her estates. Her interest in working people has taken too many forms to be even mentioned here. And it has not been confined to the poor. Hospital nurses have always appealed to her, and she has rendered them great service as a body of workers. Last year, when a wealthy man had placed a large sum of money at her disposal, she chose to have some of it spent on a restaurant for poor workers in the East End of London. At this huge place, called the Alexandra Trust, twelve thousand wholesome, well-cooked meals a day are served cheaply to a class that has few chances of obtaining good food.

It may appear to some that we wander far when we look for Queen Alexandra's gardens in the East End of London. And yet it is there that we find the gardens that are the truest expression of her. Not very long ago there was a flower show in the People's Palace at Whitechapel, and the Queen went to see it. The center of the hall was filled with splendid exhibits sent by the King, the Duke of Fife, and others. But it was not at them the Queen looked. All round on tables, and banked up against the platform, were flowers that had been grown by the very poorest dwellers in that sad-looking part of the city. Walking twice up and down the room, that nothing should be missed, she gave the heroic gardeners one of the proudest hours of their lives. But this was not all that she did on that hot July day. There had been a bazaar arranged in the garden of a rectory, also in the East End, for that very afternoon. The proceeds were for work among the people, but there seemed small chance of any when the crowds would be attracted to the Palace not far away. The Queen heard of this, and sent word that she would visit the bazaar also. At once a large placard, "The Queen is Coming," adorned the wall of the rectory garden. And sure enough, down narrow streets that had never seen such a sight before, the red-coated outriders preceded the Queen, and the rows of the poorest people in London saw her much better than is possible in a broad street lined with soldiers. And the bazaar was of course a success. Not long ago a part of Windsor Castle was fitted up as the home of one of the most trusted and loved of the King's household. One day one of the maids at work in the drawing-room heard some one speaking, and, looking up, saw the Queen, dressed in simple-hued jacket and skirt and sailor hat. Seeing the abashed state of the maid, the Queen held out her hand to her and put her at her ease as she showed her, in the absence of the master, the improvements made in the apartments. It has been noticed how much Queen Alexandra has gone to concerts this summer, and the public are glad to hear that the deafness that troubled her has been much lessened by skillful treatment. This will be a great boon, and one cannot but hope it will take away from the blue northern eyes of the Danish Queen of England something of their wistful sadness.

The Social Ideals of American Women[1]

By Elizabeth McCracken

THE day before I left New York to begin my investigation, it chanced curiously that one of my friends, who has traveled many times not only over the entire United States, but also through England and the Continent, felt impelled—though she was not yet aware of the subject of my investigation—to express to me at considerable length, and in the most strikingly interesting manner, some of the results of her own observations of the women of America. "In most particulars," she said, finally, "American women, irrespective of the sections of the country in which they severally live, are, broadly speaking, very much alike."

"In that they are all Americans," I remarked, as she paused.

"Precisely," agreed my friend, soberly. "And they do most things, and think about most things, and feel about most things, after a similar—an American—fashion. Their philanthropic enterprises differ very little, their educational theories are almost exactly identical; even their conceptions of civic responsibility are intrinsically the same. And in more personal matters—things connected with the home—they are almost exactly alike in their ideals. But there is one thing about which they do differ, and differ fundamentally," she continued; "and that is, the definition of the word 'society.' Social conventions in various parts of America may be more or less similar, but social ideals are heterogeneous." My friend mused for a moment; and then she looked up at me, and said, half-interrogatively, half-affirmatively, and by way of conclusion to her long dissertation: "Do you know what I mean?"

I was obliged, I recollect, to admit that I did not altogether know what my friend meant. "Your phrases are so Emersonian!" I pleaded in self-extenuation.

"Well," she said, meditatively, "my meaning isn't abstruse at all. It is simply this: that women in America, instead of having one social standard, common to the entire country, have several social standings, common, respectively, to the several main divisions of the country—"

"You mean," I replied, forestalling her expected question, "that social life in Virginia, for instance, has one basis, and social life in New York another?"

"Exactly," was the satisfied comment of my friend. "And," she added, "social life in Iowa, another."

As I journeyed over the United States, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, visiting cities and towns and villages in very nearly all parts of the country, my friend's words recurred to me very frequently; and, as my experiences in connection with social conditions in various sections of America increased, by so much less did those words seem to me to be, as at first they had appeared, expressive of an extreme opinion. As had been intimated, in nothing did American women show themselves to be so widely and radically dissimilar as in the standards according to which they made and fixed conditions governing social intercourse. Diverse as customary outward observances might be, they still differed one from the other in lesser degree than the principles, or, more accurately, the impulses, underlying them.

In the cities of the Middle West, for instance, society—using the word in its narrower sense—is, as it is not in any other section of America, utterly democratic. One of the most gracious and charming women whom I met during my travels was a Western woman who had been described to me as one of the "leading society women" in her city, and who proved to be unquestionably representative of the most influential title of womanhood, not only in the town in which she lived, but also in the State, which numbers that town among its several large and prosperous cities.

My letter of introduction to her requested that she aid me in obtaining a right view of the philanthropic activities of the community, activities of which she was, as I soon realized, one of the chief inspirations. The assistance she gave me in the direction suggested was by no means small; but, large though it was, it still scarcely equaled the help she rendered me in the acquiring of what seemed to be an indisputably true impression of the social life of her city as it has been established and maintained by the women of that city. It was a society in which superficial distinctions developed no differences and minor differences raised no barriers.

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In the intervals of my hours of premeditated investigation, I went frequently to the house of my new acquaintance, and there met many of the other women of her social circle—whom she invited me to meet, as I at once discovered, entirely for the reason that they were her friends, and not in the most minute degree because she felt that they might interest me as an observer. But so keenly did they interest me—in their relationships each with the others, in their likenesses and their diversities, and in the seeming contradiction of their wide understanding and narrow experience—that almost involuntarily I found myself asking my hostess to talk to me about her own social environment rather than about abstract sociology in its bearing upon problems touching the philanthropic enterprises with which she was concerned.

"Your acquaintances are so pronouncedly individual," I said; "their modes of living, judging from what they have told me and from what I have seen, are so very unlike; and yet there is such undoubted and marked sympathy between them. In an Eastern city they would, in most instances, be strangers to each other; here they are friends."

My hostess mused for several moments. "Why would they be strangers?" she inquired, thoughtfully.

"Because they differ so decidedly in their occupations and in the circumstances of their daily lives," I replied.

"But," was the immediate answer, "differences of that kind mean very little out here. They are a mere matter of accident; there is nothing fundamental about them. You see," she went on, "we are so new! This city is still in its infancy. My father was one of its first settlers; I remember clearly its early days, when its houses might have been counted on the fingers of one hand. Those first settlers, those pioneers, were very *much* alike in 'their occupations and in the circumstances of their daily lives.' They came here to make a new town, and their every effort was bent toward that end. Every danger, every hope, was a common danger, a common hope; every success was mutually beneficial, every disaster mutually disastrous. So, you see," she added, with a smile, "the children of those pioneers, among whom are most of the people whom you have met here, have a very firm basis for friendship. In the very nature of things, we *couldn't* be strangers. Our ways of living are different," she concluded, reflectively; "but *we* are very similar. We are so new," she repeated, "we haven't had time to grow radically different! We haven't had a chance to become 'better strangers.'"

"Is it a question of time?" I asked.

"I think it is more a question of opportunity," my informant answered. "Our fathers and mothers had identical opportunities; our opportunities have varied very little; but the opportunities of our children differ very greatly."

"And the difference will make them less democratic?" I queried, doubtfully.

"Who can tell?" exclaimed my hostess. "It certainly will make social intercourse in this city more complicated." She considered for an instant; and then, anticipating the request for an explanation which I was on the point of making, she said: "Our children are adrift, as it were. They inherit no traditions; in a way, they are pioneers too; they must make their own standards. And with such various opportunities for development, it is inconceivable that they will make only one standard, or that their several standards will be in accord. If they inherit any tradition at all, it is a belief in the utter rightness of disregarding every tradition for which something better—and fresher—may be substituted!"

"But why do your children's opportunities vary so much more than yours, or than those of your parents?" I asked, in some perplexity.

"Because our community has grown," came the prompt reply; "and, as it has grown, it has naturally become more complex. Our parents were engrossed in making the town; they had practically no outside interests. And we were brought up almost entirely within the limits of the town—the mental as well as the geographical limits. We haven't any outside interests, unless the widening interests of our children may be called ours. But with our children things are different. We have been seized with a desire to give them the things we lacked. Those of us who could afford it have sent them to Eastern schools and colleges, and even to Europe, in order to secure for them the educational advantages that we did not enjoy—"

"Why didn't you?" I interposed.

"Partly because our fathers and mothers had not the necessary money," was the reply—as I had, indeed, expected it would be; "but chiefly, after all, because they were without the needful impulse. They were absorbed in making the city," reiterated my hostess.

"And therefore," I ventured, reverting to the beginning of our conversation, "the social life of the women of this city is democratic because the women who comprise that society grew to womanhood within its limits—geographical as well as mental?"

To my surprise, my new acquaintance, so far from rejecting this theory, received it with the greatest warmth. "Certainly," she agreed with emphasis; "they are like the members of one big household, diverse in small matters, but completely sympathetic in larger matters—simply because those larger matters have always been common to them all."

"And your children will change this ideal condition of things?" I suggested, in reply.

"How otherwise?" my hostess demanded. "Their principal interests already diverge—"

"Simply because their opportunities have varied?" I commented.

"Yes; almost entirely for that reason," said my hostess. "For instance, my daughter is in Germany, studying music, and a daughter of my closest friend in the city is in a business college studying bookkeeping. The two girls were playmates in their childhood, but they are not intimate now. My daughter has found friends—chiefly among other students of music—who are more congenial to her; and my friend's daughter has made friendships—principally with other members of her college—which mean more to her."

"And you think those circumstances will make social intercourse in this city less simple?" I asked.

"Why, of course," was the instant reply. "The two girls, when they reach womanhood, will find themselves against different backgrounds, so to speak, and facing different foregrounds. Instead of seeking each other, they will instinctively turn to persons who, respectively, have backgrounds and foregrounds like their own! And they are only two, of hundreds of girls in the city whose mothers are friends, in all the finest meaning of the word, but who themselves will be, eventually, scarcely more than acquaintances. We have one social circle here now because the vital interests of the women of the city are the same; our daughters will form several social groups, because their vital interests will be different."

This prospect I was disposed to regard as retrogressive and narrow, but my hostess, when I made these attacks upon it, came without hesitancy to its defense.

"Oh, I grant," she said, "that our daughters will be narrow—but so are we narrow! Only we are all alike in our narrowness; and they'll all be different in theirs!" She smiled and then she went on: "As for being retrogression, why, it's the next step of progress! And what else, I beg of you, could possibly happen? I admit," she added, "that my daughter, for instance, may develop into rather a snob, disdainful of vital interests that are not her own. I am afraid that's an inevitable ill, which will show itself in the daughters of most of us here. But I am hoping that my great-great-granddaughter may, perhaps, be as genuinely a democratic woman as my mother is!"

"Or as you are," I added.

"Oh," exclaimed my hostess, "more so than I am! My democracy is a sort of reflection; my mother's is the thing reflected."

The subject had its fascination for her as well as for me. And for some moments longer she discoursed upon it. Then, with a sense of lingering finality, she said: "But you are not mistaken in thinking us socially democratic. We are! Only it isn't any particular glory to us. What else could we be, under the circumstances? Democracy, after all, is a question of likeness. Fundamentally, we are all alike, and we know it. Our daughters are, of course, essentially all alike, too; but they *don't* know it, and probably never will. Now, I am hoping our great-great-granddaughters may."

"You are hoping, then, that social life in your city may some day be able to be at once complex and democratic?" I remarked.

"Yes," said my hostess, fervently.

The more I observed of the social relationships existing between women, not only in the particular city regarding the social ideals of which that one of its "leading society women" told me so much, but in various other cities in the Middle West, the more distinctly I saw that for the very reason that "society" was not complex was it so democratic; that precisely because it was so narrow was it inclusive. Like members of a large family, its members were each lenient with regard to even the most pronounced eccentricities and individualisms of the others, because, like members of one family, they were united by a very definite common bond; but with respect to the slightest idiosyncrasy of a person not of them, they were peculiarly uncomprehending and intolerant.

Earlier visits to Western cities had shown me that its social life did not rest upon a monetary basis, and that in so far as it was influenced at all by the financial standing of its members, it was affected, not by differences in the amounts of money possessed by those members, but by differences in the conceptions held by them concerning the uses to which their money should be put. That use is often a beautifully generous and unselfish one; very nearly always it is lavish, and invariably, perhaps, it is an ungrudging one. Frugality, unless it be a necessary frugality, is not likely to meet with sympathy in a Western community.

I remember an Eastern woman whom I met several years ago in a Western city to which she had but shortly before come to live; with even more clearness do I recall the perplexity with which she was regarded by the women to whom that city had always been a home. In apparent contradiction to the size of her house, and to the unmistakably fine though unobtrusive quality of its appointments, she employed no household servants—the simplicity of even the most elaborate manner of life in the place making this easily practicable. Assisted by her two daughters, she took upon herself the entire care of her home. The curiosity which this domestic arrangement aroused in the minds of many of her acquaintances in the town finally became uncontrollable in the case of one of these; and, in an impulsive moment, she asked the Eastern woman why, when she so obviously might have several servants, she had none.

"I told her that I wished my daughters to learn domestic science," said the Easterner, in response to the inquiries which I, on my part, made when she recounted the incident to me. "I explained that if I were obliged to devote myself to training such servants as I could get here I should have no time left in which to train my daughters. I said that since there is no school here in which domestic science is taught, I must teach them—"

"Well?" I put in, as she paused.

"Well—I am afraid she didn't understand, even after all that explanation!"

That the questioner had not understood, I well remember. "She doesn't keep any servants," was her comment one day upon the woman from the East.

"Neither do others of your friends and acquaintances," I said.

"But they *would*, if they could afford

to," was the prompt answer. "She can afford to—but she doesn't!"

"Do you know why?" I queried.

"Oh, yes," came the reply; "but I can't *see* why! I could understand her doing without them if she needed to, but she *doesn't* need to!"

That this was a literally exact statement of the case there can be but little doubt.

In another Western city I chanced to attend two meetings of a purely social club composed of women, which club met in turn at the homes of its respective members. The meeting, on the one occasion, took place at the house of a woman whose financial resources were exceptionally large. Her house was as ornately beautiful as money had been able to make it; and there was a lavishness about the details of its hospitality which also gave evidence of somewhat unlimited expenditure. The servants were much more numerous than they would have been, under similar circumstances, in an Eastern city; the refreshments were infinitely more elaborate. The rooms were decorated with rare and costly flowers, and the apparel of the hostess was frankly sumptuous.

On the other occasion the meeting of the club was held at the home of another member, whose little house was so very tiny that had the association not been a small one it could scarcely have been entertained within her walls. This member was without even one servant; the simple refreshments she offered she had herself prepared; the pretty but simple gown she wore she had made—and that at small expense—with her own hands. The flowers with which her rooms were adorned were the geraniums and hyacinths which her little daughter had cultivated.

The wide difference, with respect to accessories, between those two gatherings was extremely interesting, but it was, after all, less significant than the fact that, excepting with regard to accessories, there was absolutely no contrast whatsoever between the two meetings. They were in all other particulars exactly alike. As had been suggested to me, the reason, no doubt, was that the women of the club were, in essential matters, alike, however much their worldly possessions might differ.

There was not, as sometimes in Eastern cities, under similar circumstances, there is, an effort to make that difference less obvious. The woman with the larger income did not endeavor to conceal her wealth; more interesting still, the woman with the smaller income made no attempt to hide her pecuniary limitations. She did not, for instance, as occasionally happens under similar conditions in cities in the East, avail herself of a servant for the one afternoon; nor in any other minutest particular alter her usual mode of living. Neither consciously nor involuntarily did she take into consideration the differences between herself and her guests; because she knew, and they knew, that those differences were superficial and accidental; and still too new—to borrow the phrase I heard so often—to have differentiated the basic elements of their lives.

A "society woman" in New York to whom I had been telling something of these phases of my experiences last winter in the Middle West said reflectively, by way of comment: "We are old enough in New York to have had differences in our bank accounts make differences in our social standings! But," she hastened to add, "*we* are socially democratic too. I am not sure that we are not quite as much so as the women of the Middle West. We, also, are held together by common interests. I admit," she went on, "that those interests have a social foundation. But, as your friend in the West said, 'How otherwise?' It is because we live in a similar fashion that we are congenial; it is because we have had similar incomes that we have been enabled to live in a similar fashion. It isn't money that binds us together; it is the result of the use to which we have put that money. You know how difficult it is for people who have suddenly become rich to effect an entrance into the highest social life in New York. They may have as much money as the people of that society, but they lack the interests which those people have developed through the use of money." She smiled slowly. "Their money is so new!" she exclaimed; and then, more seriously, she continued, "Perhaps there isn't any fundamental difference between us; but, as your Western friend said about the young girls of her city, we cannot quite feel that there isn't. After all, the oldest of us in America are still rather new! We are as democratic, doubtless, as we have had time to become. But we are not nearly so democratic, even as a nation, as we shall be when we are older. And in New York, even in their highest social life, are women very different yet from those youthful Western daughters? have they quite passed the rather snobbish period? are they not still a little disdainful of vital interests not their own?"

The basis upon which society—still using the word in its narrower sense—rests in the South is a subject regarding which even Southerners themselves are not always in entire agreement in their several opinions and theories. The reason for this may be the fact that social ideals in the South are at present in a state of transition and readjustment. At the time of the Civil War, even the women of the South who had been farthest apart were brought closely together by a cause that canceled very nearly all the differences which, without doubt, in more than one instance, existed between them. After the war, a common sorrow preserved the bond; a sorrow so strong and so terrible that it has held the daughters and the granddaughters of those women together, too. At the present day there exists between Southern women, simply because they are Southern women—with all that the words imply—a sympathy the depth and extent of which it would be difficult to surpass—the sympathy of common memories. The question would seem to be as to whether it is a sympathy upon which an enduring social life may be built.

Because it is not so much the past to which Southern women, living in the South to-day, must look, as it is to the present, and to the future. For the very reason that they love the South, they must persuade themselves to turn their thoughts from its former days to its approaching days, and induce their memories to yield to their hopes. It may be that in the necessity for this mutual self-surrender is to be found that common ground from which the social ideals of the men, as well as the women, of the New South shall spring.

Not alone to the woman living in a city, whether in the East, the West, or the South, but also to the woman whose home is situated in a small town or a village, does the problem concerned with the rules which shall govern social relationships present itself—for consideration, if not for solution. Social intercourse is, perhaps, more important to the woman of the smaller community than to the woman in the city, because the city offers to its inmates, by mere virtue of its great size and multifarious elements, opportunities for development quite aside from the opportunities which are to be found in what is colloquially called society; opportunities, furthermore, which the village can never, to any marked degree, give to its inhabitants.

The social life of women in small towns in all sections of the United States shows, in its organization, in its maintenance, and in its line of growth, a very distinct reflection of the religious life of the women of those villages. It would seem, indeed, that to the degree to which the woman of a small town is actively allied with the work of the church to which she belongs in that town, to that same degree does she become the member of its society.

The social impulse of the village receives its first encouragement from the church, for the reason that it is in the church that the people of the town are first drawn together by a common feeling and desire. In that coming together begins their social life; out of that coming together grows their social ideal—an ideal that not only recognizes that a common religious faith may be a basis for social organization, but holds that nothing else can be so firm a basis.

It almost invariably is true of a village that it contains as many social groups as it contains religious bodies. Each church has its own established society; indeed, each church is, of itself, an established society, and no person can become a member of that society without becoming first a member of that church. There can be no question that the barrier suggested rests, not in a narrowness of mind, but in a difference of mind, if one may be permitted the phrase. And though people may often be able to agree to differ, they seldom are able to find in such an agreement any especially tenable ground for any very real sympathy.

Furthermore, very nearly all the customs and usages of the various social circles in a village are intimately related to the several churches of the village; for it is in the interest of its church that each group, in the initial instance, is impelled to meet, not only in the church for its own good, but also, for the benefit of the church, in other places. Not alone in spiritual things are the members of each church in unison, but also in a most definite and detailed kind of effort for the well-being of their organization. Each church, however small, has its own daily problems and its own daily duties; in the very nature of the case, to the members of that church is attached the responsibility of solving those problems and performing those duties. And in the assuming of that responsibility those members are brought together with a nearness which would seem to be impossible upon any other ground.

Only the other day I said to a woman whose home has always been in a village—a woman, it should be said, not without breadth and cultivation of mind—"Your next-door neighbor has a singularly attractive face. Is she as lovely as she looks?"

"Why, yes, I have no doubt she is," replied my friend. "I don't know her very well myself. We go to different churches."

"But she lives so near you!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said my friend, musingly, "she does; but we don't do the same things. And so, though I should rather like to know her better, and in all probability she'd be willing to know me better, it doesn't happen. We are both so busy, and we aren't busy about the same things."

"Things connected with your churches?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer, "and with the other people of our churches."

A clergyman to whom I repeated this conversation made a comment upon it which seemed to me to take account of its significance with peculiar accuracy and entireness.

"Don't you think," I asked, as I finished relating the incident, "that if, in the small town, we might achieve social union, we should, in the process, achieve church union, too?"

"No," returned the clergyman. "But I do most earnestly think that if we could achieve church union, we should, as a result of the process, achieve social union, too. Church union must come first," he added.

It would seem that, in the village, church union must; certainly so far—and the extent implied is great—as women are concerned. Even the woman's club of a small town, with all its kindred interests and common aims, does not, to any very large degree, alter the social relationships of the women of the town.

One of my friends who, until a few months ago, when she went to live in a village, had lived almost entirely in cities, was writing to me recently about her new environments. "I already know all the women in town," she wrote, "for I belong to the Woman's Club, to the Woman's City Improvement Society, and to the Ladies' Guild of my church, and every woman in the place belongs to one, at least, of the three. But the women I know best are the members of the Guild. *All* the women I have met have been *friendly* to me, but the women in the Guild have been really *sisterly!*"

There can be but little doubt that, however heterogeneous—to use my friend's adjective—the social ideals of American women at the present time may be, those ideals are more homogeneous than they were a generation ago; for women in America are more democratic—or, as my acquaintance of the city in the Middle West would say, more alike—than they were a generation ago. American women of to-day have a greater number of mutual interests than were possessed by the American women of yesterday; and those interests are not only wider, but also they are more objective, than the interests of the women of the former times.

That keen sense of personal responsibility for the general good which is almost invariably to be found in women of the present day in America, not only in cities, but also, to an increasing extent, in small towns and villages, is, in itself, one of the most salient marks of distinction between the women of to-day in our country and the women of yesterday. And great though its effect has been upon the civic ideals of the American people, larger still has been its influence upon their social ideals. The necessity for organization in the interests of that civic duty which American women of to-day feel that they must perform has united, and, in continually increasing measure, is uniting, those women, as only concerted effort toward an altruistic end can unite women. It is teaching them to see more and more clearly that between the citizens of a country established upon democratic principles even the widest differences are narrow. It is making them know that, however they may vary superficially, fundamentally they are alike; because, whatever else they may be or may not be, they still are all Americans.

A Pioneer in Co-education

By Alice Ward Bailey

THE old clock in Aunt Sally More's sitting-room clucked and whirred and made an inarticulate sound in its throat. Aunt Sally, who understood the clock's eccentric methods of expression, looked anxiously out of the window. It was one o'clock. Alexander was an hour behind time. At that very instant the old white horse turned into the little side street and plunged wildly towards the house. Alexander was evidently excited. He cracked the whip and shook the reins with a recklessness entirely foreign to his usual manner.

"I declare, I didn't know 'twas so late," he exclaimed, entering the kitchen whither Aunt Sally had repaired to "dish up." "But they kep' a-talkin'; I couldn't get away."

"Who?" demanded his wife, thrusting a fork into a huge piece of boiled beef, and deftly transferring it to the center of a platter bordered with beets, carrots, parsnips, and potatoes.

"Prof Naylor and Prof Henderson."

"Prof Henderson goin' to buy that lot?"

"He didn't say. I don't believe he's goin' to build this fall. 'Twarn't that we's talkin' 'bout." The speaker hesitated. "They had a girl with them."

"A *girl?*"

"Yes, a girl," he repeated, hurriedly. "She's here after an eddication."

"What they got to do with it?"

"It's quite a story. Guess we'd better wait till we get things onto the table."

He seated himself and waited, while she placed the dinner before him.

"Well?" she exclaimed, interrogatively, from her station behind the teacups.

Alexander cleared his throat. He did not know where to begin. His wife came to his assistance.

"What's a *girl* doin' at Rathbun College?"

"She wants to go there," he returned, helplessly.

"I never!" cried Aunt Sally. "*Wimmin* at *Rathbun!* That beats all!"

"Wal, you see," said Alexander, by way of apology and explanation, "lately they've been addin' on studies that they calkerlate wimmin folks 'll be interested in—gardenin' an' such. They've been in hopes 'twould draw 'em in, but this is the first. They're dretful anxious to have her stay."

"Ain't she goin' to?"

"Wal, that depends. She ain't got any too much money. She'd like to work for her board—and"—again he hesitated, awaiting the push his wife was sure to give.

"There's enough wants help," she said, crisply.

"They don't want this kind," he responded. "You see, she'll have to go to lectures an' things, and then she'll have to study—"

"She'd better wait till she has means," interrupted his practical spouse.

"But there ain't any others dass try it—Prof Naylor and Prof Henderson think if she starts in it'll set the ball a-rollin'—"

"What do they want you to do?" The question was fired as straight as a bullet, and hit the bull's-eye of Alexander's timorous evasions.

"They thought p'r'aps we—bein' alone so—an' a big house—"

"Alexander More, did you tell them we'd take her?"

"No, I didn't. I told 'em they might send her 'round, an' you could look her over." He sent an appealing glance across the table.

"You've got me into a pretty mess."

Aunt Sally's voice trembled, and she cut the pie into irregular and disorderly thirds.

Alexander ate his piece in silence and gulped down his tea, then made for the barn. His wife repaired to the sitting-room, where she dusted the melodeon and twitched the chairs into line. "He might 'a' told me what time, but I ain't goin' to ask," she muttered.

Alexander put his head in at the kitchen door.

"She's comin' now," he called in a loud whisper, and hurriedly withdrew.

Almost immediately the front door bell was pulled with a vim which made it jangle crazily. Aunt Sally answered it. On the doorstep stood a plump, rosy young woman wearing gold-bowed spectacles and a becoming fall suit.

"Does Mrs. More live here?" she began at once. "Oh, you are Mrs. More! May I come in? I want to talk with you on a little matter of business."

Her ease and volubility were disconcerting.

"Will you walk in?" asked the unwilling hostess.

The stranger walked in, and seated herself in the big armchair by the window. "It's quite a distance over here," she said, disapprovingly.

"We find it handy," rejoined Aunt Sally, bluntly. "It's near meeting and the post-office."

"Oh, I shouldn't mind after I was used to it," said the young woman, airily.

Aunt Sally gave her a searching look, but all she said was "H—m!"

"This is a pleasant old house," continued the candidate for a position which did not as yet exist.

"Most folks like it," was the brief response.

The young woman hesitated. "I suppose Mr. More has told you about me?" she suggested, with a smile. When she smiled she was almost pretty. She had white, even teeth, and what her present inspector would have termed a "wholesome look."

"He's told me some things," was the indefinite reply. "He didn't tell me your name."

"Marie Elkins," said the young woman.

"*Ree?*"

"*Ma-rie.*"

"*Murray?*"

"No; *Ma-rie.* It's French for Mary."

"Well, then, I'd call you Mary an' done with it. Mr. More says you want to do housework for your board. I ain't never kep' a girl—"

The young woman winced.

"An' I don't know as I want to, now. Can you wash an' iron?"

"No."

"Can you cook?"

"Some."

"I suppose you can do dishes and sweep?"

"I have, at home."

A wistful look came into the girl's face. The pretty, near-sighted eyes behind the gold-bowed spectacles clouded. Aunt Sally suddenly melted.

"I don't know but we might try you—for a while," she said, slowly. "We live very plain."

"That will suit me," said the girl, rising. "Thank you ever so much. I'll come this afternoon."

"I don't know what on earth made

me do it," muttered Aunt Sally, as she watched the leisurely departure of this unexpected addition to her family.

Alexander again put his head in at the door.

"Gone?" he whispered.

"She's comin' back," said his wife, tartly. "I told her she might—like a fool!"

"I d'no," said Alexander. "If she wants an eddication so bad—"

"She never wanted anything bad, nor long," snapped Aunt Sally. "But I'm goin' to give her a show, an' we'll see what she'll do with it."

There is something inexpressibly restful about an old house. The different parts have blended with age and custom and seasoning, like the different parts of a musical instrument. They unite in giving out harmonies. The ceilings, catching the light on their ridges and the shadows between, answer the walls, where elves and goblins hide among monstrous vines and impossible flowers, and both are at one with the carpet, where the yarn of the mender has inscribed mysterious hieroglyphics. Even the furniture is in tune, with quaint landscapes and faces, where the varnish is gone, or a broken bit takes a curious angle. New carpets and new furniture, though they defy criticism, bar out the imagination. There is no opportunity to dream dreams or see visions in their proper patterns and on their immaculate surfaces.

Not exactly in this vein did Marie Elkins muse, on the morning after her arrival, but impressed by these truths, lying half awake, in a delicious reverie. She had never known anything like the influences under which she had now placed herself. At home they had new paint every spring, administered by her father under the supervision of her mother; and new paper, if Mrs. Elkins had to put it on herself. As to the furniture, that was rubbed down like a track horse every day or so, with a polish of Mrs. Elkins's own mixing.

Marie quite forgot that she had anything to do with breakfast more than to eat it, until she heard the significant rattle of the kitchen stove.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, and, slipping into her clothes, fled to the scene of action.

Alexander's gray head was bowed low over the ash-box.

"S-sh!" he whispered, warningly. "Don't say nothin'!" He had filled the tea-kettle, and it was already puffing away like a steamer crossing the Atlantic.

Aunt Sally stepped briskly out from the downstairs bedroom and glanced approvingly around her. She gave her brief directions, and breakfast was soon on the table. Alexander said grace in simple, direct, old-fashioned phrases. Marie peered at him through her fingers.

"I like him," she said to herself. "But she means to put me through."

This bracing quality in Aunt Sally's atmosphere became more apparent as the days went on.

"What you got against her, mother?" asked Alexander.

"Who said I'd got anything against her?" retorted his wife.

"'Tain't hard to see through a ladder when it's set up," he replied, sententiously.

"Well, I'd be one thing or the other," was her enigmatic response, and she continued to present to Marie the horns of this dilemma. Marie continued to slip deftly between them, but the exercise was becoming wearisome.

"There she goes," called Professor Naylor to his wife one bright morning when Marie had found her position peculiarly trying. "Quick, if you want to see our pioneer girl student." Mrs. Naylor hurried to the window. "What do you think of her?" asked her husband.

"I think she's rather disappointing," was the reply.

"You do? In what way?"

"She's short—"

"What of that?"

"And dumpy."

"A little plump, perhaps."

"I looked for more heroic dimensions. And she's overdressed."

"Not at all. She made that gown at home, her mother helping her."

"Then she has a mother?"

"Yes, and a father."

"What does he do?"

"He's a grocer."

"With a large family?"

"Three others, younger. What are you getting at, Kate?"

"The principle of the thing. Here's this girl with a father and mother, not poor—there isn't a sign of poverty about her—yet expecting to be educated and *boarded* at some one else's expense!"

"She does housework for her board."

Mrs. Naylor's handsome eyebrows went up with a sudden movement like the flirt of a swallow's wings.

"How hard you women are on one another!"

"How easy you men are on us!" she answered, with a laugh.

"What do you want her to do?" he demanded. "Act as if she was frightened or ashamed? To me she appears like a modest, dignified, self-respecting girl."

This was the impression Marie meant to convey, but it was with difficulty, this morning, that she concealed her utter dejection. If she could only feel as she felt in Bentham, when she assured the other girls and her father and mother that she would have a college education if she starved for it! Her father had called her a little goose, her mother had besought her not to think of such a thing, the other girls had exclaimed over her; but they had admired her and shown it. And the Rathburn professors had welcomed her so enthusiastically that she thought they were going to find a place for her in their homes. Yet here she was at the mercy of a hard, unsympathetic old woman, a person who would have had no social standing whatever in Bentham.

Marie looked longingly up and down the campus. She wished she could see Professor Naylor or Professor Henderson or that agreeable Mr. Howard to whom she was introduced the day she arrived. Either one would restore her peace of mind, her belief in the wisdom of the step she had taken, her faith in her own future.

Fate, that sometimes humors our desires even when she means to thwart them later, sent Harry Howard, the cleverest, handsomest, most gentlemanly member of the freshman class, hurrying after her.

"Good-morning, Miss Elkins. Why weren't you at the class meeting yesterday?" he asked, lifting his hat and falling into step.

"I couldn't go *there*," she faltered. "It's hard enough to attend lectures and recitations."

"Do the fellows make it uncomfortable for you in any way?" he inquired, anxiously. "If they do—you know Henderson has rather put you under my care—you must let me know if there is anything—"

"There isn't," she returned, quickly. "They have been very considerate, very kind. I don't want you to think they haven't, but of course they must think it's queer for me—"

"Queer!" he exclaimed. "You wouldn't say so if you'd heard them talk about you yesterday. They put you in as Class Historian."

"*Me!*"

"Yes, indeed. Why not? You're a member of the class. Really, Miss Elkins, I hope you won't decline to serve. It'll be a good thing for the fellows. You'll give them something besides 'grinds.' I'm interested, you see. They made me Class President. You'll have to go to an occasional ball game and such of the events as would be appropriate. We play the sophomores this afternoon on Sloan Field, and I'd be very glad to take you over. There'll be a number of the ladies of the Faculty there."

"Really, I can't," she stammered. "My notes—" She was thinking of Aunt Sally.

"You can run over your notes before we go, or this evening. There'll be plenty of time. Do you find any difficulty in following Henderson? He *is* a terror, but I had a man like him at the Prep school, so I keep up. You can take my notes any time. Don't say you won't go. I'll see you again after recitation."

He was waiting on the steps for her when she reappeared. So were half a dozen other students. They lifted their hats as she passed. Professor Naylor, who just then left the hall, lifted his hat and smiled encouragingly as he said, "Good-morning!"

"You're at the Mores'? Funny old couple. I see them at church," began Harry as they struck off across the campus. "Any other boarders? No? Then you'll need to go out when you can. On the whole, I prefer to board alone, but you're apt to study too much unless some one drags you away. I shall have to perform that kindly office."

Evidently he was unaware of the conditions under which she had become a member of the More household. She could not bring herself to the point of enlightening him.

"Bless me!" he cried, clapping his hand to his pocket, "I very nearly forgot to give you the class colors." He drew out a knot of bright ribbon and handed it to her. "Wear them this afternoon to the game, will you? I'll be here at half-past three. The game is called at four."

Marie lingered on the doorstep watching him out of sight. She hated to exchange this world in which she walked a heroine for that awaiting her the hither side of the front door. A cheerful clatter of knives and forks met her, announcing that dinner was already under way.

"We've just set down," announced Alexander, apologetically. "Come right along. You'd orter be hungry, studyin' all the forenoon. Have you got to go back?"

"No, it's Wednesday," said Marie, with a contented glance over the well-filled table. There were compensations.

"I'm real glad you ain't goin' back," said Aunt Sally. "I'm goin' to can plums, an' I want you to skin 'em."

"P'r'aps she's got other work, Mother," suggested Alexander.

"The president of our class wants me to do some class work," said Marie, hurriedly. "But he won't come for me till half-past three. There'll be time for something."

"Why can't you put off your cannin' till Sat'day, Mother?" queried Alexander.

"Because—tain't convenient," rejoined his spouse.

"I'd just as soon help, myself, a little while."

"*You!*"

"Try me."

"I've tried you, years gone by."

Marie remained silent. Alexander pitifully filled her plate. Slow and sweet with the odors of ripened fruits the breeze came in at the window. A cow lowed musically from the barn. There was cottage pudding for dessert, with a marvelous sauce. In the next room the old clock whirred and clucked and tried to speak. Marie laughed.

"What does it say?" she asked.

"One o'clock," replied Alexander, briskly, delighted to introduce a different topic. "Tell her the rest of its tricks, Mother. What does it say at two?"

"Strikes four," said Aunt Sally. "At three it strikes right, but at four it strikes two, and at five it kinder rattles and don't say nothin'. I'm used to it, but Alexander can't never seem to remember."

They discussed clocks of various sorts, and dinner was over. Marie helped with the dishes and peeled a few plums, with one eye on the clock. At three she ran up to her room to dress and to try on the ribbons. She laid them on the lapel of her coat and tied them under her chin. She tucked them into her smooth chestnut braids and under the rim of her hat. When she finally descended the stairs, they were at the tip of her parasol, but her hand was over them. The Class President was coming up the walk.

"Good-by," she called, hurriedly, at the kitchen door, nor noted that response was lacking.

Bang went the front door. Aunt Sally shut her lips tightly and flayed the plums.

The afternoon wore on. It was very warm. The kitchen was full of the heavy fragrance of the simmering fruit. It became almost stifling. The skins of the plums were everywhere, on plates and bowls, on the table and the floor. Any one's temper would have suffered, any one's nerves would have been on edge.

"Why ain't you at the ball game, along o' the rest o' the folks?" called Captain Underhill, reining up under the window.

"What folks?" inquired Aunt Sally,

presenting a tired, red face at the window.

"Your folks. I see Alexander—"

"*Alexander?*" exploded Aunt Sally.

"He warn't only stoppin' for a minnit as he drove by, just as I did," Captain Underhill made haste to add. "'Twas your girl I noticed pertickeler, settin' up on the grand stand wavin' her ribbons on the end of her umbrell'. She seemed awful pleased, an' I don't wonder. Her class was everlastin'ly wallopin' them sophomores."

Aunt Sally gave a cluck not unlike that given by the old clock when it tried to strike and couldn't. The Captain looked alarmed.

"What you cannin'?" he asked, with a glance through the window into the kitchen. "Plums? It's a lot o' work when you skin 'em. Do you skin 'em?"

"Sometimes," said Aunt Sally, remotely, her gaze fastened on an old white horse jogging leisurely up the side street. Again she clucked. The Captain whipped up his horse.

"Guess I've put my foot in it," he muttered, as he drove out of the yard.

Alexander did not enter the house. He lingered about the barn until supper-time. Marie had just appeared, flushed and triumphant. The boys had said she was their mascot; she could dare disapproval. To her surprise, there was none apparent. Alexander fidgeted on his chair; he knew what these calms portended. Aunt Sally passed the cake and cut the custard pie. Blind to impending disaster, Miss Elkins prattled on.

"Our men got a 'three-bagger' in the first inning," she said, exultantly. "After that it was a perfect '*walk-over.*' We held them down to three points."

Aunt Sally listened politely. They did the dishes together, the Historian of the Freshman Class still harping on its successes. Then they went into the sitting-room, where Alexander was reading his paper upside down.

"Are you good at figgers, Miss Elkins?" inquired Aunt Sally, seductively. "'Cos I ain't, an' there's a little sum I'd like to have you do for me."

"Certainly," replied the unconscious victim.

"You've been here three weeks," pursued the inquisitor.

"Ye-es," was the hesitating reply.

"You've had the big front room—how much do you calkerlate such a room would rent for?"

"Two dollars and a half a week, they all asked," replied the girl, with a startled look.

Alexander rustled his paper.

"That's seven an' a half, ain't it? An' board—such board as we give—would be how much?"

"Five dollars—but, Mrs. More, I can't—"

"Three times five's fifteen, ain't it?"

Alexander laid down his paper.

"Why, Mother!" he exclaimed.

"Fifteen an' seven an' a half's how much?" pursued Aunt Sally, relentlessly.

"Twenty two and a half," was the disconsolate reply.

"You've done, on an everedge, two hours' work a day. I d'no what you pay, up your way. Here we pay fifteen cents for the best, ten for second-rate. Now, I sh'ld call yours second-rate. That's twenty cents a day, a dollar an' forty cents a week, four twenty for three weeks, ain't it?"

Marie nodded, and bit her lips to keep back her tears.

"Did you calkerlate to ketch up?" inquired her tormentor.

Marie flung down the pencil and paper and dashed out of the room.

"I didn't suppose," said Alexander, sorrowfully, "that *you'd* ever talk to *any* girl like *that!*"

Aunt Sally took up her sewing.

"I thought," she said, tranquilly, "that it was high time somebody said something."

He studied her in amazement.

"I *am surprised!*" he said at length. "How'd you feel if you're a poor girl, workin' out, for an eddication?"

Aunt Sally laid down her work and regarded him steadily.

"I *was* a poor girl," she said, with deliberation, "an' I lived out. I didn't mean to tell you, but I d'no's there's anything to be ashamed of. When you first knew me I was the Widder Matthews, but when I was Sally Peters I worked out—for his mother."

Alexander waited a full minute, effectually diverted from what he had meant to say; then he proceeded, revealing only by the gentleness of his manner the effect produced by this extraordinary piece of news.

"Young folks ain't what they was. Studyin' ain't what it was. Baseball playin's come to be a part of the business. The wimmen can't git right down into the field, but they can sit up on the benches an' clap an' wave. An' they do it, Mother. You'd oughter see em."

"I don't wanter," said Aunt Sally, shortly. "If they're a mind ter make fools o' themselves, that's their lookout. But she ain't able to pay for the privilege." She resumed her sewing.

Alexander paused again. When he renewed his attack, it was from another quarter.

"I should think you'd kind of like to have another woman in the house," he began, insinuatingly. "It's kind of sosherble an' pleasant. You allus used to seem to like comp'ny."

Aunt Sally bit off her thread with the precision of an Atropos before she answered.

"That's it. She ain't comp'ny an' she ain't help. I didn't invite her here. She come and hired out. 'Twas a bargain same's any other. There's room enough an' there's enough to eat. I don't begrudge either. But I do hate to be got around!"

There was a faint sound in the room above. Alexander cautiously arose and examined the ceiling.

"It's just as I thought," he whispered. "That hole where the stovepipe went through was left open last time we laid the carpet. She's heard every word we've said."

"I don't care," muttered his wife; but she did care, particularly, so full of contradictions is the human heart, that she had betrayed the secret of her own "working out." She need not have concerned herself. That part of the conversation which referred to their common lot made very little impression on the girl who crouched, flushed and tearful, on the bed in the room above. It was nothing to her what Sally Peters did before she became the Widow Matthews. It was everything that her pride had been wounded, outraged. She would write to her father and mother and they would make her come home. Pleasing fiction! When did Peter Elkins and his wife ever make any one of their offspring do anything—least of all Marie!

Professor Henderson would be sorry. So would Professor Naylor. The boys would be very sorry. A fresh burst of tears followed the thought of their surprise and disappointment. What could she say, how could she explain such a change in her plans? Oh, it was dreadful to be without money and at the mercy of people! So she cried herself to sleep.

She awoke early, perplexed and troubled. What should she do? Where could she go? She would see Professor Naylor first. How indignant he would be when he heard how she had been treated!

In aggrieved silence she partook of her morning meal and performed her morning duties. Alexander was solicitous and attentive, Aunt Sally was conciliatory, but Miss Elkins maintained a proud reserve. As soon as she was free she set out to find Professor Naylor.

"Papa left town on the early train," said the tall boy trundling a lawn-mower in front of the house. "Won't Mamma do? Come in and I'll speak to her."

He left Marie in the library among the books and pictures, and ran to find his mother. She responded immediately, dark-eyed, winsome, gracious, full of that indefinable quality which Marie had come to college to acquire. She laid hold upon it eagerly. "I don't know what to do, and I believe you can tell me," she began, then paused, repelled as strongly as she had been attracted.

"I shall be very glad to do anything in my power," said Mrs. Naylor. "What is it that troubles you?"

"I—am thinking of leaving college," said Marie.

"Leaving!" cried the lady, with a start.

That touched her; she knew her husband would be sorry; Marie gathered courage.

"Yes," she said, firmly. "I shall have to leave if I cannot make some different arrangement."

"Can't Mrs. More keep you?" inquired Mrs. Naylor, anxiously.

"I'm not happy there," said Marie. "She—makes it very disagreeable for me."

"A-h?" said Kate Naylor. Only that little interrogatory monosyllable, but it sent cold shivers up and down Marie's spine—that and the upward sweep of the eyebrow which accompanied it. Still, there was the vision of the Professor playing his unseen part in the dialogue. Marie continued:

"She treats me as if I were just an ordinary servant!"

"And you are quite sure you are nothing of the sort," returned Mrs. Naylor, pleasantly. "I see. Meanwhile, she is concerned about the quality of the work, and that doesn't concern you at all. But really, Miss Elkins, it is well that our work should be sometimes subjected to the verdict of the outsider. Our friends are so apt to idealize it. We all have to go 'out to service' at some time in our lives."

Marie stared. "Did you, too—" she stammered.

Kate Naylor vouchsafed her one of the sudden, brilliant smiles for which she was noted. "I taught," she said; adding, humorously, "Of course you never would suspect it."

The humor was entirely lost upon Marie. She could see only the impregnable calm of the other and her own futile effort. Plainly, there was nothing to be gained by prolonging the interview. She arose somewhat impatiently. "I guess I'd better go," she said, sullenly.

"Wait a minute," exclaimed Mrs. Naylor. "I may think of something. Perhaps if I saw Mrs. More, and talked matters over with her—"

"Oh, no, no indeed," implored the girl. Not for worlds would she have these two women "talk matters over."

"I'm sorry I troubled you," she continued, formally.

"Wait, let me think," said Mrs. Naylor. What would her husband say?

"I must be going," said Marie, with sudden access of dignity. "Good-morning."

She walked stiffly away, her eyes blinded by a rush of tears. Through it she saw dimly the wide reaches of the campus, the outlines of the stately buildings. How beautiful they were, how impressive! Surely life here was worth a price! For the instant she was ready to pay it, ready to strip off her girlish finery and go meanly clad, ready to drudge in Aunt Sally More's kitchen; then the glow faded, the strength left her limbs, struggle and sacrifice loomed large before her, force and ambition dwindled. She longed to creep into her father's house, into her mother's arms, to have Jamie and Jo and Maud about her. So she went back to the More cottage.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Aunt Sally. "You're white as a sheet. Lie right down on the settin'-room lounge and I'll cover you up with the afghan. You've ben undertakin' too much, goin' to that ball game and all. Now you stay quiet till dinner's ready." After dinner she made the girl rest again, and she put her to bed early with a cup of hot sage tea. Marie submitted gratefully. That night her slumbers were sound and sweet. The sun awoke her, shining on her face. A walnut-tree outside in the brilliance moved its soft, golden branches airily up and down. It seemed pluming itself for flight. How quiet everything was, how delightful! At home Jamie and Jo would be punching each other while they dressed. And Maud would come in to be buttoned up. And her mother would call, "Ma-*ree*, aren't you ever coming?" Aunt Sally had not been the first to complain of delinquencies.

Over on the hill, Rathburn College lifted its towers and spires against an azure sky. Dear old place! And she "saw the land that it was pleasant, and bowed her shoulder to bear;" she went meekly down into the kitchen, prepared to receive correction and amend her ways.

Aunt Sally was catching flies in a tumbler containing water. She held it up to the ceiling where they clung, stiffened by last night's cold, and they obediently dropped in. It looked as easy as picking blackberries.

"Let me try," said Marie.

But the flies flew over the top of the tumbler and escaped.

"I can't even catch flies," she said, disconsolately.

"It takes a kind of a knack," conceded the expert.

Her antagonism had vanished. She asked questions, while they did up the work, about Bentham and the people there, about Rathburn College and the lectures, finding "Polly Con" a most amusing nickname.

"It must be very interesting," was her final verdict.

"It is. I hate to give it all up," sighed Marie.

"Give it up?" repeated Aunt Sally, wonderingly.

"Yes. I suppose you won't want me here, and there isn't any other place," said the girl, sadly.

"I d'no 'bout that," was the not ungracious response. "I guess p'r'aps we can worry along for a while."

They "worried along" through that year and even talked of another, but, before the summer vacation was over, Marie wrote that she was not coming back, she was going to be married to a young man in Bentham. A little later she sent her wedding-cards.

Other girls came, that fall, older, steadier than Marie, more self-reliant, more studious, but they would not have come if her foolish little feet had not found the way. After all, she earned the name they gave her: she was really and truly a pioneer in co-education at Rathburn.

One Woman on a School Board

By Anna C. Woodruff

Our readers will be interested in knowing, in connection with this article, that Mrs. Woodruff was first elected a member of the school board in 1901, on the combined nomination of Republicans, Democrats, and the Municipal League. She was re-elected in February of this year, again on the combined nomination of the three parties, while at both elections she had the highest vote polled by any school director in Philadelphia.—The Editors.

When I entered upon my work as a member of a sectional school board in Philadelphia four years ago, it is a question whether I viewed my colleagues, consisting of twelve men, with more diffidence than they did my advent. The school boards in Philadelphia have been the special targets of criticism of newspapers, reformers, politicians, parents. Naturally, I had been influenced by this criticism, and entered upon my work with the popular conception of the comparative uselessness and absolute inefficiency of the school board.

My colleagues, a majority of whom were active politically, were rather anxious to learn to what extent I was going to make the discharge of their duties (political and otherwise) difficult, to what extent I was going to interfere with their special privileges, such, for instance, as enjoying the luxury of an evening cigar, and, above all, "what particular ax I had to grind." They were a long time appreciating that I had none; they felt sure that I must have some sister or cousin or dependent that I wanted appointed as teacher, and for more than a year they entertained the idea that I must have some other motive than mere public service. They knew I could not have any personal political ambition to serve, because school director is the only elective office in Pennsylvania to which a woman is eligible; therefore I must be after patronage in the shape of an appointment. But I think now they realize that their first impressions were mistaken, and consequently they have helped, on several occasions when there were vacancies to be filled, in securing the election of the fittest.

At my special request, the evening cigar, which had been hidden under desks on my first entrance, was resumed, much to the comfort of some who seemed to be able to do more work with a cigar between their fingers. The restoration of the cigar was also a good deal of a political solvent, and many little things went along with less friction because of it.

For my first nine months of service I sat and listened at the board meetings, and visited the schools and listened to the teachers. I do not know whether my colleagues felt that with a woman among them they would have less opportunity to talk, but they appeared to be gratified that their prerogatives along this line were not immediately interfered with, although I guess I have since made up for my nine months' silence—but it was the first impression that counted, and, whatever else my reputation may be in the board, it is not that of consuming all the time.

I was convinced that it must be in school work, as in other lines of activity, co-operation gains much more than opposition; and my experience has abundantly proved this principle of action. I have sought to help the other members carry out their plans, and they have responded splendidly, helping me with mine, and often modifying their own in accordance with suggestions I had made.

The local school boards present great fields for usefulness on the part of women, not in the direction of preaching or theorizing, but along the lines of practical endeavor. So large a proportion of the teachers are women that a woman school director has a great advantage in interpreting their needs and helping them with their work. I used to think that all a teacher had to do was to teach, but I find her duties include much more, especially if she be interested in her work. Ten hours a day is a day's work for the average teacher, and it is hard, exacting, nerve-consuming work. With classes running from forty to sixty, and composed of children of all grades of mentality and home training, the teaching of the young idea how to shoot is not by any means a pastime.

Frequently I have seen a teacher minister to the physical, mental, and moral wants of her pupils without realizing that she was doing anything beyond her duty.

One Monday, in going my rounds of the schools, I sat for nearly an hour watching and assisting one of the principals trying to instill enough pride into a nine-year-old child to have her reach school promptly. After considerable questioning I found out that the child had to get up at five o'clock in the morning, wash clothes until six, and then assist in getting breakfast and other household duties until 8:45, so that it was physically impossible for her to be at school at the regular time. Here was a problem not involving teaching or even discipline, for the child's lateness was no fault of her own. The trouble lay further back in the home. Whether it is a part of the teacher's or the director's duty to go back to first causes, and whether, if we did go, our efforts would succeed, may be an open question; but the cases are not infrequent where we find the teachers assuming this really great responsibility. The next applicant for our attention that morning was a boy who had something in his eye, "and would Miss —— please make it well." Eye-lotion was applied as well as a few kind words, and the boy went away convinced that he was well. The next boy had the toothache, and he wanted the tooth taken right out. Miss —— is a most competent woman, but hardly a dentist—so she administered toothache drops and the kind words, and he was convinced that he was better.

The next case presented more difficult features. The boy was mentally deficient, and had been four terms in one class. His parents were entirely irresponsible, but not without political pull, and our task was delicate. We had no hesitation in determining that the boy ought to be sent to the special school, but it was not so easy to convince his parents that this was the best for the boy. They felt that there was some disgrace connected with such a transfer, and failed to appreciate that the disgrace lay in their neglect of the boy. Finally, however, we had our judgment executed without friction or political turmoil.

It may seem strange to some that there should be any hesitation to carry out at once a judgment so well founded as the one in this case, but it must be remembered that many of the ignorant poor have an exaggerated sense of their importance and influence as voters, and they are constantly asserting their supposed rights, which include freedom from any discipline they do not approve of. I know one German woman who seems to expect the teachers to act as special governesses to her children " because her husband helps to pay their salaries." I think her husband pays ten dollars a month rent. If this class of people are not handled most diplomatically, they can make the life of the teacher miserable indeed.

Then the school directors, being elective officers, are generally very susceptible to the views of their constituents, and it not infrequently occurs that cases of discipline get into politics, and cause any amount of trouble.

I recall one director, not now a member of the board, who put back a suspended boy three times, after the committee had that many times suspended him. We fought the matter out until the rights of the committee were clearly and firmly established again; but think of the effect of such a case upon the discipline of the school and upon the teachers and principals! This was, I believe, an extreme case, but it shows the possibilities for trouble and the need for very careful handling of discipline cases.

The last case that came before us that particular morning was that of a little girl of eleven who had not been taught at home any principles of a personal nature whatever, and through neglect she had become a nervous little wretch without self-control. She confessed, after some sympathetic questioning, that it was " so hard to be good," but she would try. Each Monday after that I took special pains to have a little talk with her, and up until school closed I think she had kept her promise.

In the great majority of cases of discipline the children reflect their home training, and it is a very serious question how to secure permanently good results when we reflect that the children are under wholesome influences only a few hours a day for less than two-thirds of the days. Whether we should go back to the homes and try to improve them, or whether we should endeavor to provide a longer period of wholesome influence through an increased number of playgrounds, gymnasia, concerts, and other forms of entertainment, are questions which present themselves for earnest consideration, but not in this place.

I remember one case where the boy did not reflect his home. He was utterly incorrigible, and very seriously interfered with the discipline of the school. His removal to the special school was determined upon, and I sent for the mother. She told me many more instances of the viciousness of the boy at home. He had set fire to the house, stolen money, and persistently played truant. The mother was really much pleased when we told her of the special school, and gladly acquiesced in the decision to send him there.

I have dwelt on the personal side of my duties because they illustrate the line of activity along which a woman can be most useful. My colleagues backed me up in my work, and thus far, except in the one instance I have mentioned, loyally supported my every effort at enforcing a wholesome discipline that had the good of the schools and of the pupils in mind. And that exception was confined to one man, the large majority of the board sustaining the committee's action when the affair was brought before it for action.

There is another line of duty which I think women are peculiarly adapted to discharge. The board has charge of the physical conditions of the schools. They must look after repairs, see that the schools are kept clean, and generally attend to their housekeeping. This, it will be recognized at once, is woman's work. As Chairman of one of the schools, it is my responsibility. If new curtains are needed, or the janitor is negligent, or the plumbing is in bad shape, I must see that they are attended to. In the matter of repairs, the policy of co-operation has proven most successful, and my colleagues have not been backward in helping to keep the schools in good shape.

Four years of service has convinced me that the demand for women in school boards is well founded. Their opportunities for usefulness along lines peculiarly their own are very numerous. The board is not the place to advocate changes in the law, nor to discuss the evils of education. It is an elective body so far as the teachers and janitors are concerned, and executive so far as discipline and care of property are concerned; and an appreciation of these facts will go a long way toward improving actual conditions. I have my own ideas as to the best form of school government, but neither this article nor the school board is the place to discuss them.

The Political Issues

A Free Parliament

Until the election we shall open our columns to a free discussion of the political issues involved in this campaign, reserving, of course, the right to reject any contribution; it will doubtless be quite impossible for us to publish all that will be sent to us. No personal abuse of either candidate will be allowed. Brevity is important, and preference will be given, other qualities being equal, to the shorter letters.—THE EDITORS.

THE NEW VOTER

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The leading editorial in "The Nation" of September 8 is devoted to "The New Voter." In considering the effect upon the Presidential election this fall of this new element in the body politic, it says: "It may be assumed that approximately 16 per cent. of the voters who choose between Parker and Roosevelt this fall did not have the chance to vote for McKinley or Bryan, while about five per cent. have never before voted at all." It is conceded that "in practically every election since the era of good feeling the men who never cast a Presidential vote before have held the balance of power." "The Nation," which in this campaign is supporting Judge Parker, also thinks that it is safe to assume that "the voters who have grown up since the two campaigns in which free silver figured, come they of Republican or Democratic antecedents, are the last men to be frightened by the efforts of Roosevelt's managers to raise up again the bogies of these years."

It is not, however, the bogies of the past that ever strongly influence the new voters. It is rather their present ideals, and it is not too much to say that Roosevelt comes nearer than any other President we have ever had to filling the ideals of the young men of this country, both in public and in private life. He possesses in abundance those characteristic qualities that appeal to young men. He has both physical and moral courage, determination, promptness, intellectual quickness, honesty of purpose, good fellowship, and all the qualities that go with effective leadership of youth. He stands for something of which nearly every young American is proud, and, politics aside, this is generally admitted.

But this is not all. There probably never was a time in the history of political parties in this country when the parental influence of Democrats counted for so little. Previous to the first Bryan campaign the new voter generally voted the same ticket as his father. That campaign, however, in disrupting for a time the Democratic party, caused many a father to hesitate about voting the Democratic ticket, and it is not likely that he urged his son to vote for his party. For eight years this has been going on, so that it is a reasonable inference that many of the sons of Democratic sires who have come of age during the past eight years, even if they were not influenced by the attractive personality of Mr. Roosevelt, would be less likely to be voting as their fathers did. With this attractive influence added, one does not need to be a prophet to foretell that the new voter will this fall largely vote the Republican ticket.

ROBERT MATHEWS.

Rochester, New York.

ARE THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES OF UNQUESTIONABLE CHARACTER?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

On page 169 of your issue of September 17, Henry H. Putnam, writing of ex-Judge Alton B. Parker, says: "His famous gold message to the Chicago Convention was distinctly the act of a courageous man." Something of the same sort has been said two or more times in your editorial columns, and I have seen no reply in your pages, although comments to the contrary have crowded the daily papers. Will either you or Mr. Putnam explain how courage was shown in that instance by candidate Parker? Let it be remembered as beyond question that (1) he had been nominated for some hours before the telegram in question was sent to Mr.

Wililam F. Sheehan—not to any officer of the Democratic Convention; (2) before it was sent he had received a flood of messages from sources unknown, and in words untold, and had had time to hear from certain powerful editorial emanations in New York journals; (3) and also let it be remembered that the telegram stated a fundamental untruth, for Judge Parker could not have then, and does not now, consider as settled a question that can be taken up to its unsettlement, if need be, on the first day of the next session of Congress. The Convention, as I can personally testify, was exhausted and rapidly disintegrating from overwork and the strain of uncertainty; it was willing to accept any leadership only so that it soon led home. The telegram did not commit the Judge to be present *status quo*, did not praise or condemn the present gold basis, nor explain his votes for silver in 1896 and 1900.

Where was the courage, as differentiated from a shifty, typical David B. Hill policy of subterfuge and avoidance?

Mr. Putnam further writes of candidate Parker: "I have studied his face as it has been presented to me from week to week in the various periodicals. It has impressed me as a face through which shine the elements of character and strength and courage." Mr. Putnam tells us that he has never seen the Judge. I presume I have seen most of the same portraits seen by Mr. Putnam, and I have several times seen the Judge in trains, on the street, and have met him twice in public gatherings. As a student of races and peoples, by profession an exploring naturalist for many years, I have made the study of faces a hobby for a long time. To me Judge Parker's face and manner tell a story quite the reverse of that plain to Mr. Putnam. His countenance and his approach of strangers and casual acquaintances are markedly akin to those of his long-time tutor and sponsor, David B. Hill; it would be difficult to convince me that they did not betoken much the same character.

Let me ask one more question. On page 170 of the same issue you say: "Both candidates are men of unquestionable integrity." Did you mean to say "unquestionable"? Unquestionable signifies beyond or above the possibility of being questioned. Is that true of either candidate? If you intended to say *unquestioned*, a much less sweeping word, would even that be true? Are you ignorant of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's integrity has been and is even now being questioned *sub rosa* with regard to the actions leading up to the Panama Canal franchises; that there are those who profess to believe that, Collis P. Huntington being dead, yet his works live after him? And surely you know that Judge, then Surrogate, Parker was, nearly twenty years ago, bitterly attacked by local papers, and is yet believed by many to have then attained political position by the most questionable methods? Or can you truthfully claim that a candidate who recognizes Taggart, Murphy, McCarren, Sheehan, and men of that ilk, not only as voters, but as chosen advisers and aids, is of such integrity that it is above question? I await enlightenment with much interest.

E. MURRAY-AARON.

[The integrity of every man in public life is liable to attack in a political campaign, a fact illustrated in the lives of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, Grover Cleveland, and William McKinley. But we regard them all as men of unquestionable personal integrity. So also do we regard Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Parker.—THE EDITORS.]

"HAS ACCOMPLISHED THINGS"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The letter of a subscriber, noted in a recent issue, discontinuing his subscription because you too much laud the President, is interesting. I can appreciate his feeling to some extent. It is that of the fellow accosted by Aristides when the latter was to be ostracised. When asked for his reason for voting for ostracism, and if Aristides had done him an injury, he answered: "No; but I am tired of hearing him called 'Aristides the Just.'"

While I cannot indorse Colonel Roosevelt's treatment of the Southern question in some respects, still I do not fail to recognize the fact that his policy is founded upon existing law, and what he no doubt regards as governmental obligation to its wards. It is the operation of these that in some parts of the South is embarrassing. Say what we may, his genius, be it what it may, is of that insistent character that enforces discussion of the man. He is keenly alert, but we cannot say with any adequate foundation of truth that he has yet acted as President on an ill-considered plan or hastily, but he has acted promptly and decisively. Right here I find the essential difference between the two candidates for President. Mr. Roosevelt is a man who has accomplished things. When all is said, we cannot refuse admiration for the fearlessness which has characterized his public actions. He must be honest, and evidently firmly believes he is right. No dishonest man behaves with his candor. Such qualities must command our respect, most of all because so refreshingly rare in a public man. They go far towards covering up any possible errors of judgment.

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